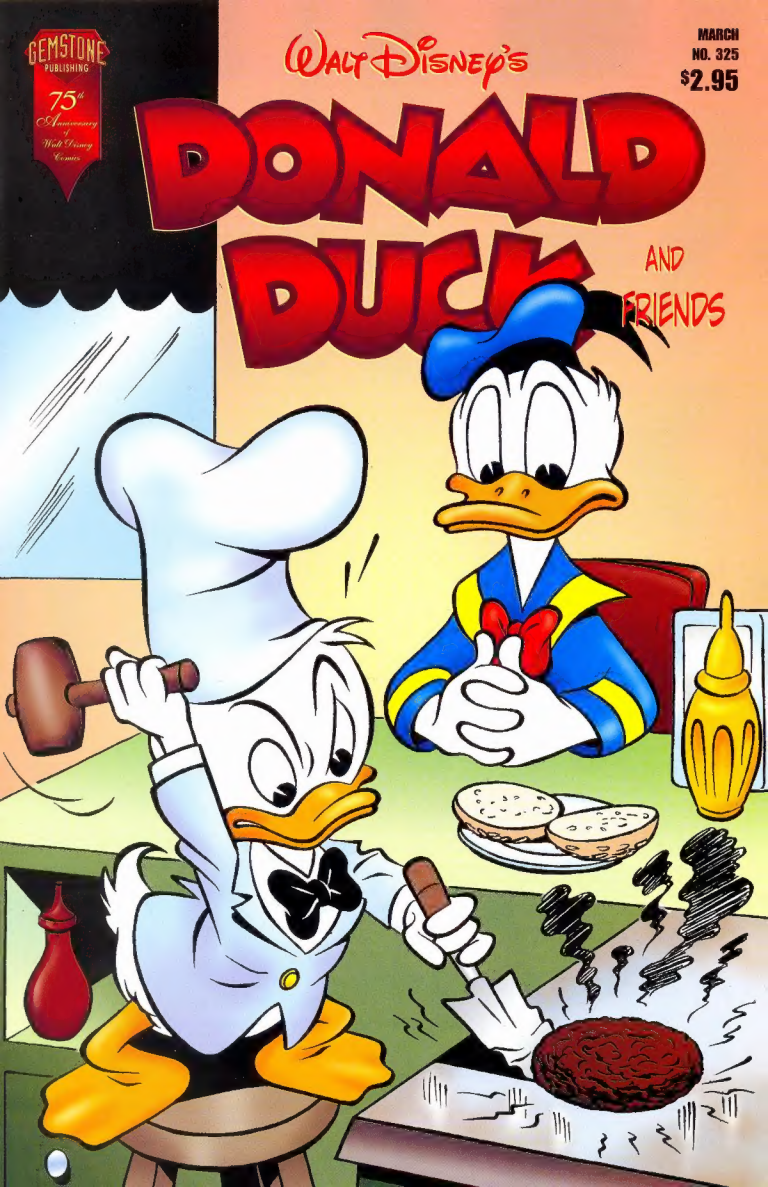

GEMSTONE
PUBLISHING
75th Anniversary of Walt Disney Comics
WALT DISNEY'S
MARCH
NO. 325
$2.95
DONALD DUCK
AND FRIENDS

To welcome David Gerstein, our latest staff member, I thought we'd give him an opportunity to write this guest editorial. David has come in as our "Archival Editor" and promises to help us keep our facts straight.
—John Clark

Disney comics are 75 years old! No kidding! January 13, 1930 witnessed Mickey's first newspaper strip adventure, and three quarters of a century later, we're still going strong. It only seems right, then, in this celebratory year, to acquaint—or reacquaint—our readers with our greatest milestones. Editor-in-Chief John Clark has kindly allowed me to pick a few… and "Lost in the Andes" came first.

Why? Obvious reasons might be that it's one of the most famous stories by Carl Barks, one of Disney comics' greatest creators. It hasn't been reprinted in a regular size comic book since 1987. Oh, and everybody remembers "the story about square eggs."

But the importance of "Lost in the Andes" goes beyond availability, nostalgia, and even fame and greatness—though that last factor has to do with why I chose it. It's great, I think, not just because it's creative and funny and imaginative, but because its specific themes and story elements are all of what the best Disney comics aspire to.

It is the story of ambition and conflict; an average "person"—Donald Duck—yearning and fighting to get out of his rut, to rise above his perceived station in life. It is a story of discovery; exploring a crazy, fantastic, even scary lost world limited only by its creator's imagination. It's a gently subversive story, questioning authority and mocking phoniness. And it is also a heartwarming story, turning on a dime to show sincere empathy and human understanding.

Many of the best Disney comics adventures meet some of these criteria, but very few meet all of them. It's hard to be genuinely optimistic, pessimistic, serious and silly at once, even in 32 pages. But fine authors could do it—Barks, Floyd Gottfredson—and their creations inspire those of us working in the art form today.

—David Gerstein

nomscans~HaCsA

• IN THIS ISSUE •

Donald Duck **Story & Art:** Carl Barks
"LOST IN THE ANDES" **Color:** Susan Daigle-Leach
(DDFC #223, April 1949)

Front cover art by Daniel Branca, color by Sue Kolberg

NEXT ISSUE SHIPS WEEK OF MARCH 9TH
www.gemstonepub.com

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING

STEPHEN A. GEPPI
President/Publisher and Chief Executive Officer

JOHN K. SNYDER JR.
Chief Administrative Officer

STAFF
LEONARD (JOHN) CLARK
Editor-in-Chief

SUE KOLBERG
Assistant Editor

TRAVIS SEITLER
Art Director

DAVID GERSTEIN
Archival Editor

MELISSA BOWERSOX
Director - Creative Projects

CONTRIBUTING STAFF
GARY LEACH
SUSAN DAIGLE-LEACH
Art & Editorial

ADVERTISING/MARKETING
J.C. VAUGHN
Executive Editor

ARNOLD T. BLUMBERG
Editor

BRENDA BUSICK
Creative Director

JAMIE DAVID
Director of Marketing

SARA ORTT
Marketing Assistant

HEATHER WINTER
Office Manager
Toll Free
(888) 375-9800 Ext. 249
ads@gemstonepub.com

MARK HUESMAN
Production Assistant

MIKE WILBUR
Shipping Manager

MIKE KACALA
Inventory Coordinator

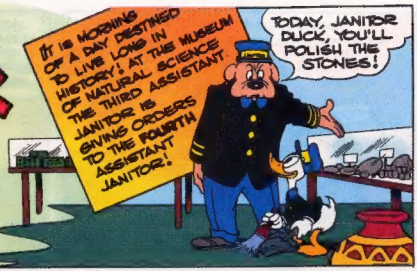
Walt Disney's Donald Duck and Friends No. 325, March 2005. Published monthly by Gemstone Publishing. © 2005 Disney Enterprises, Inc., except where noted. All rights reserved. Nothing contained herein may be reproduced without the written permission of Disney Enterprises, Inc., Burbank, CA, or other copyright holders. 12-issue subscription rates: In the U.S., $35.40. In Canada, $40.00, payable in U.S. funds. For advertising rates and information call (888) 375-9800 ext. 410. Subscription and advertising rates subject to change without notice. Postmaster: send address changes to Walt Disney's Donald Duck and Friends, PO Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775.
PRINTED IN CANADA

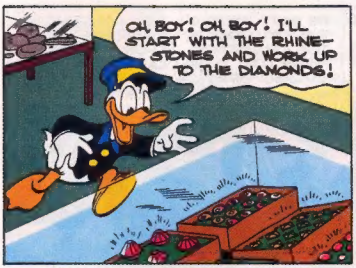
WALT DISNEY'S

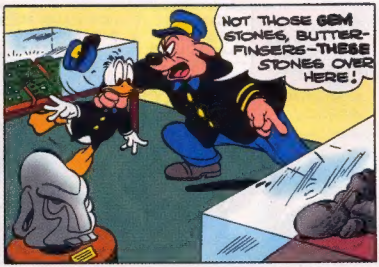
Donald Duck

in

"LOST in the ANDES!"

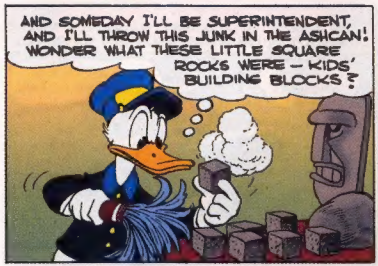

IT IS MORNING OF A DAY DESTINED TO LIVE LONG IN HISTORY! AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL SCIENCE THE THIRD ASSISTANT JANITOR IS GIVING ORDERS TO THE FOURTH ASSISTANT JANITOR!
TODAY, JANITOR DUCK, YOU'LL POLISH THE STONES!

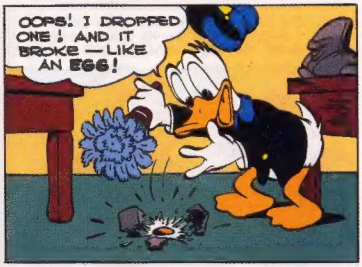




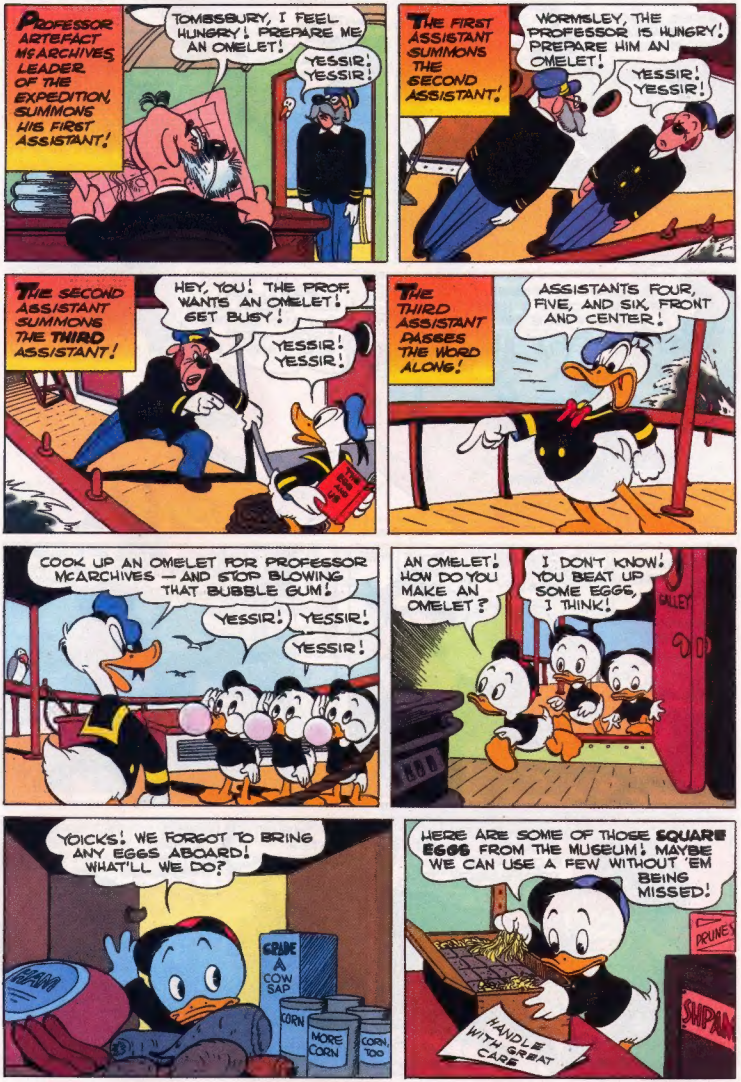
THIS COLLECTION OF RUBBLE FROM THE ANCIENT INCA RUINS OF PERU HAS BEEN GATHERING DUST FOR SIXTY YEARS! DEDUST IT!
YESSIR! YESSIR!
ROCK
ANOTHER ROCK

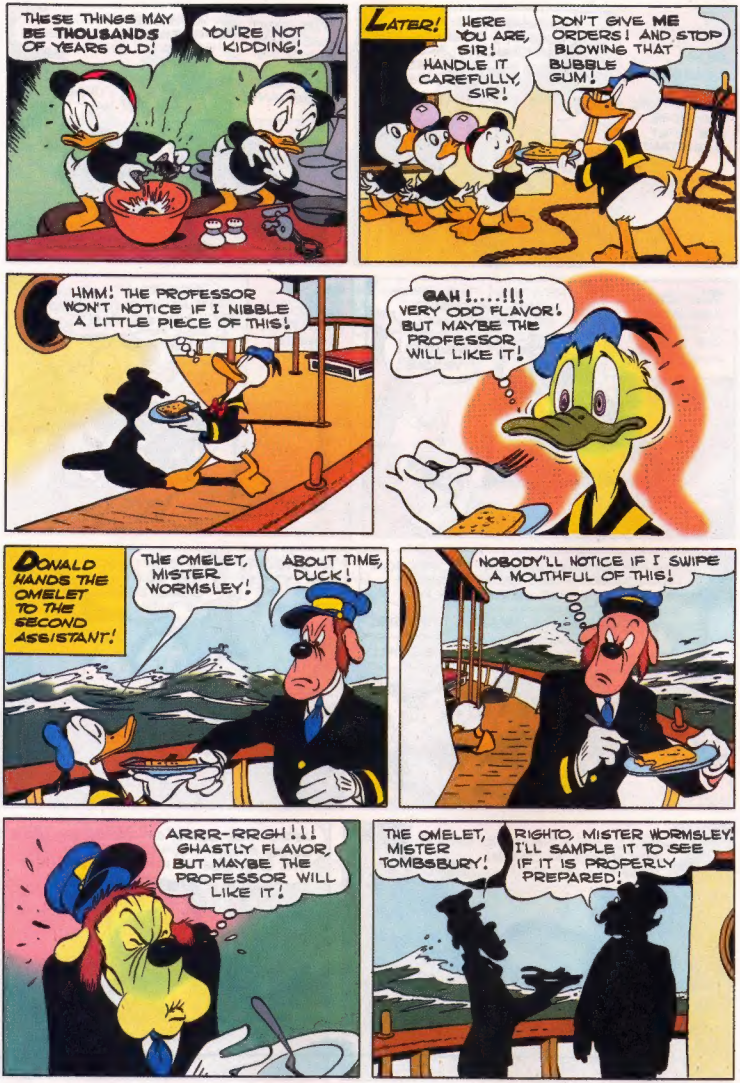
MUMBLE! MUMBLE! I HAVE TO DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK AROUND HERE! SOMEDAY I'LL BE THIRD ASSISTANT JANITOR AND GIVE SOME ORDERS MYSELF!


AND SOMEDAY I'LL BE SUPERINTENDENT, AND I'LL THROW THIS JUNK IN THE ASHCAN! WONDER WHAT THESE LITTLE SQUARE ROCKS WERE — KIDS' BUILDING BLOCKS?

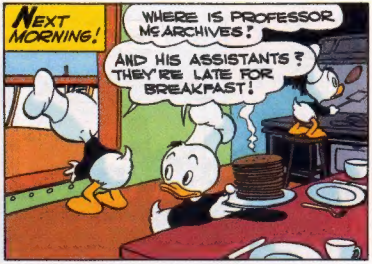


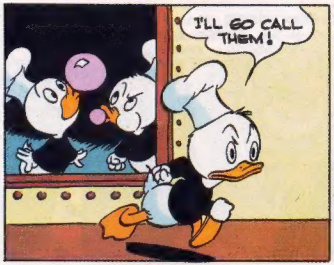
DOGGONED IF IT WASN'T AN EGG! A SQUARE EGG!
AND THESE OTHER SQUARE STONES MUST BE EGGS, TOO! I THINK I SHOULD TELL THE SUPERINTENDENT ABOUT THIS!
DONALD'S ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY STARTLES THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD!
SQUARE EGGS THAT LOOK LIKE STONES! AMAZING!
THEY CAME FROM SOMEWHERE IN PERU! WHO FOUND THEM, AND WHEN, AND HOW?
WE DON'T KNOW! THE RECORDS ON THIS COLLECTION WERE LOST IN THE CHICAGO FIRE!
THE LIMESTONE IN THEIR SHELLS SHOW THAT THEY CAME FROM HIGH IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS!
IMPORTANT EGG DEALERS ARE INTERESTED!
SQUARE EGGS! THINK OF HOW EASILY THEY COULD BE PACKAGED AND STORED!
INTERGLOBAL EGGS "SOMETHING TO CACKLE ABOUT!"
THEY WOULD STACK LIKE BRICKS!
BIG POULTRYMEN ARE AGOG!
SQUARE EGGS MUST HAVE BEEN LAID BY SQUARE HENS! THE ROOSTING PROBLEM WOULD BE SOLVED!
AND BY CROSSING THOSE HENS WITH ORDINARY BREEDS, WE COULD HAVE SQUARE FRYERS WITH ROUND CORNERS!
THE RESULT OF ALL THIS PALAVER IS THE FORMATION OF AN EXPEDITION TO PERU!
ANCHORS AWEIGH!
SQUARE HENS, HERE WE COME!

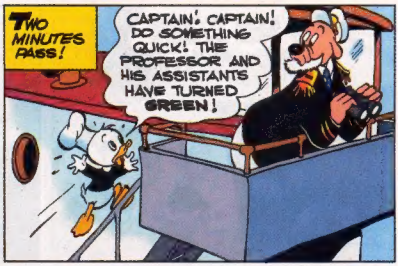

PROFESSOR ARTEFACT MCARCHIVES, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, SUMMONS HIS FIRST ASSISTANT!
TOMESBURY, I FEEL HUNGRY! PREPARE ME AN OMELET!
YESSIR! YESSIR!
THE FIRST ASSISTANT SUMMONS THE SECOND ASSISTANT!
WORMSLEY, THE PROFESSOR IS HUNGRY! PREPARE HIM AN OMELET!
YESSIR! YESSIR!
THE SECOND ASSISTANT SUMMONS THE THIRD ASSISTANT!
HEY, YOU! THE PROF. WANTS AN OMELET! GET BUSY!
YESSIR! YESSIR!
THE THIRD ASSISTANT PASSES THE WORD ALONG!
ASSISTANTS FOUR, FIVE, AND SIX, FRONT AND CENTER!
COOK UP AN OMELET FOR PROFESSOR MCARCHIVES — AND STOP BLOWING THAT BUBBLE GUM!
YESSIR! YESSIR!
YESSIR!
AN OMELET! HOW DO YOU MAKE AN OMELET?
I DON'T KNOW! YOU BEAT UP SOME EGGS, I THINK!
GALLEY
YOICKS! WE FORGOT TO BRING ANY EGGS ABOARD! WHAT'LL WE DO?
GRADE A COW SAP
CORN
MORE CORN
CORN, TOO
HERE ARE SOME OF THOSE SQUARE EGGS FROM THE MUSEUM! MAYBE WE CAN USE A FEW WITHOUT 'EM BEING MISSED!
PRUNES
SHIPAIR
HANDLE WITH GREAT CARE

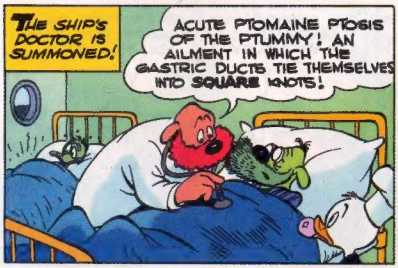

THESE THINGS MAY BE THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD!
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING!
LATER!
HERE YOU ARE, SIR! HANDLE IT CAREFULLY, SIR!
DON'T GIVE ME ORDERS! AND STOP BLOWING THAT BUBBLE GUM!
HMM! THE PROFESSOR WON'T NOTICE IF I NIBBLE A LITTLE PIECE OF THIS!
GAH!....!!! VERY ODD FLAVOR! BUT MAYBE THE PROFESSOR WILL LIKE IT!
DONALD HANDS THE OMELET TO THE SECOND ASSISTANT!
THE OMELET, MISTER WORMSLEY!
ABOUT TIME, DUCK!
NOBODY'LL NOTICE IF I SWIPE A MOUTHFUL OF THIS!
ARRR-RRGH!!! GHASTLY FLAVOR, BUT MAYBE THE PROFESSOR WILL LIKE IT!
THE OMELET, MISTER TOMBSBURY!
RIGHTO, MISTER WORMSLEY! I'LL SAMPLE IT TO SEE IF IT IS PROPERLY PREPARED!

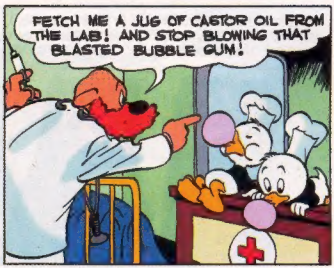
YOOPS! RATHER A MELLOW SORT OF THING! BUT MAYBE THE PROFESSOR WILL LIKE IT!

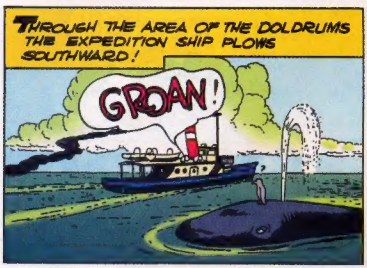

NEXT MORNING!
WHERE IS PROFESSOR MCARCHIVES?
AND HIS ASSISTANTS? THEY'RE LATE FOR BREAKFAST!

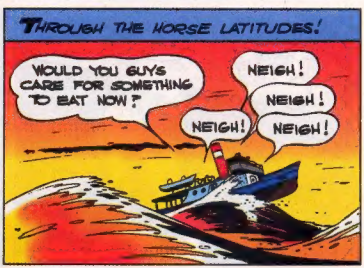

I'LL GO CALL THEM!

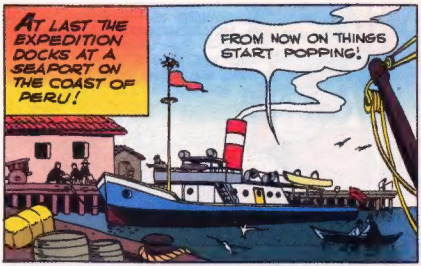

TWO MINUTES PASS!
CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! DO SOMETHING QUICK! THE PROFESSOR AND HIS ASSISTANTS HAVE TURNED GREEN!

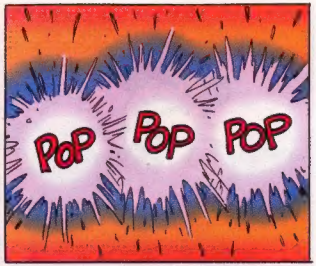

THE SHIP'S DOCTOR IS SUMMONED!
ACUTE PTOMAINE PTOSIS OF THE PTUMMY! AN AILMENT IN WHICH THE GASTRIC DUCTS TIE THEMSELVES INTO SQUARE KNOTS!

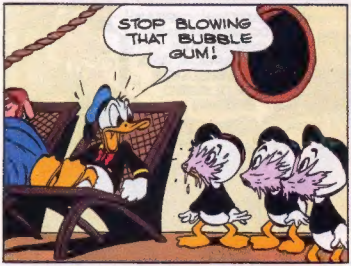

FETCH ME A JUG OF CASTOR OIL FROM THE LAB! AND STOP BLOWING THAT BLASTED BUBBLE GUM!

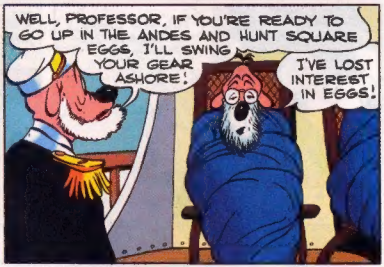

THROUGH THE AREA OF THE DOLDRUMS THE EXPEDITION SHIP PLOWS SOUTHWARD!
GROAN!

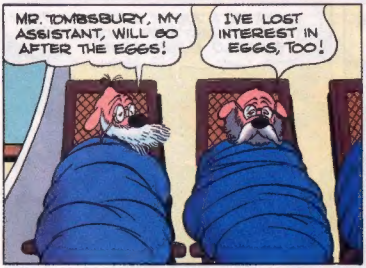

THROUGH THE HORSE LATITUDES!
WOULD YOU GUYS CARE FOR SOMETHING TO EAT NOW?
NEIGH!
NEIGH!
NEIGH!
NEIGH!

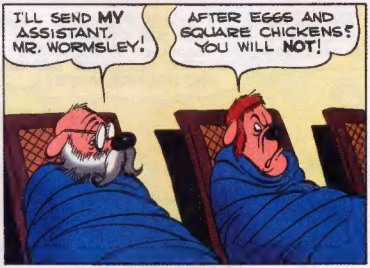

AT LAST THE EXPEDITION DOCKS AT A SEAPORT ON THE COAST OF PERU!
FROM NOW ON THINGS START POPPING!

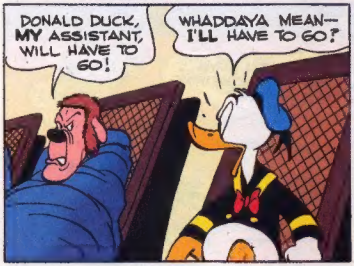

POP
POP
POP


STOP BLOWING THAT BUBBLE GUM!


WELL, PROFESSOR, IF YOU'RE READY TO GO UP IN THE ANDES AND HUNT SQUARE EGGS, I'LL SWING YOUR GEAR ASHORE!
I'VE LOST INTEREST IN EGGS!


MR. TOMBSBURY, MY ASSISTANT, WILL GO AFTER THE EGGS!
I'VE LOST INTEREST IN EGGS, TOO!


I'LL SEND MY ASSISTANT, MR. WORMSLEY!
AFTER EGGS AND SQUARE CHICKENS? YOU WILL NOT!

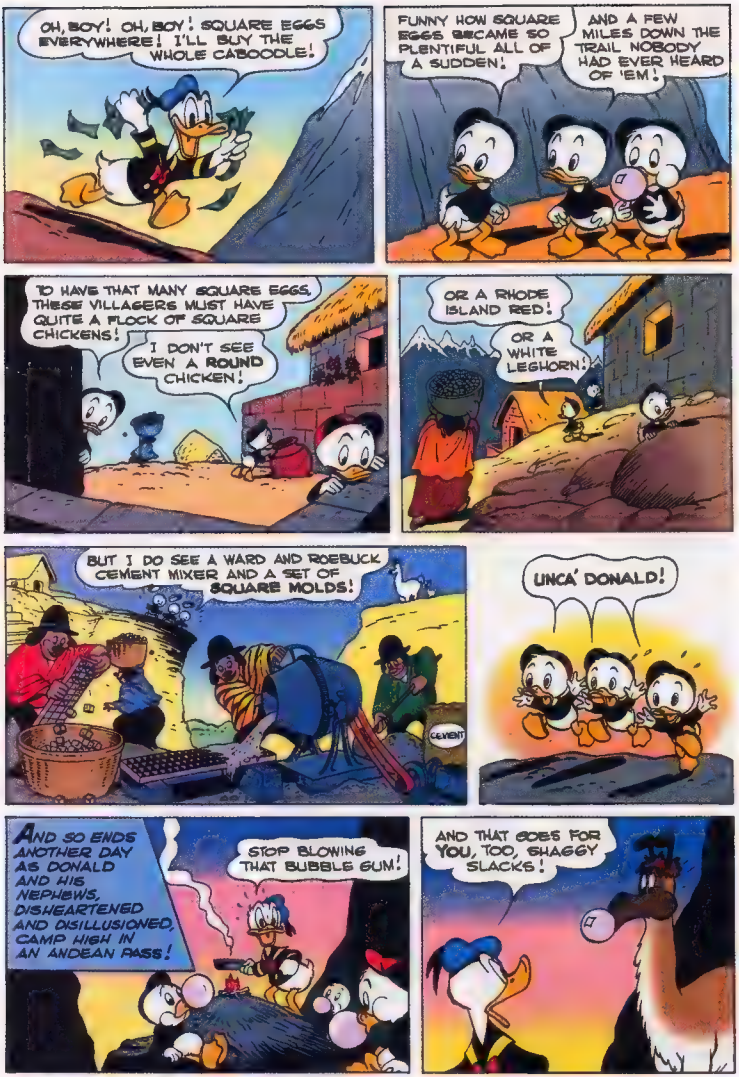

DONALD DUCK, MY ASSISTANT, WILL HAVE TO GO!
WHADDAYA MEAN— I'LL HAVE TO GO?

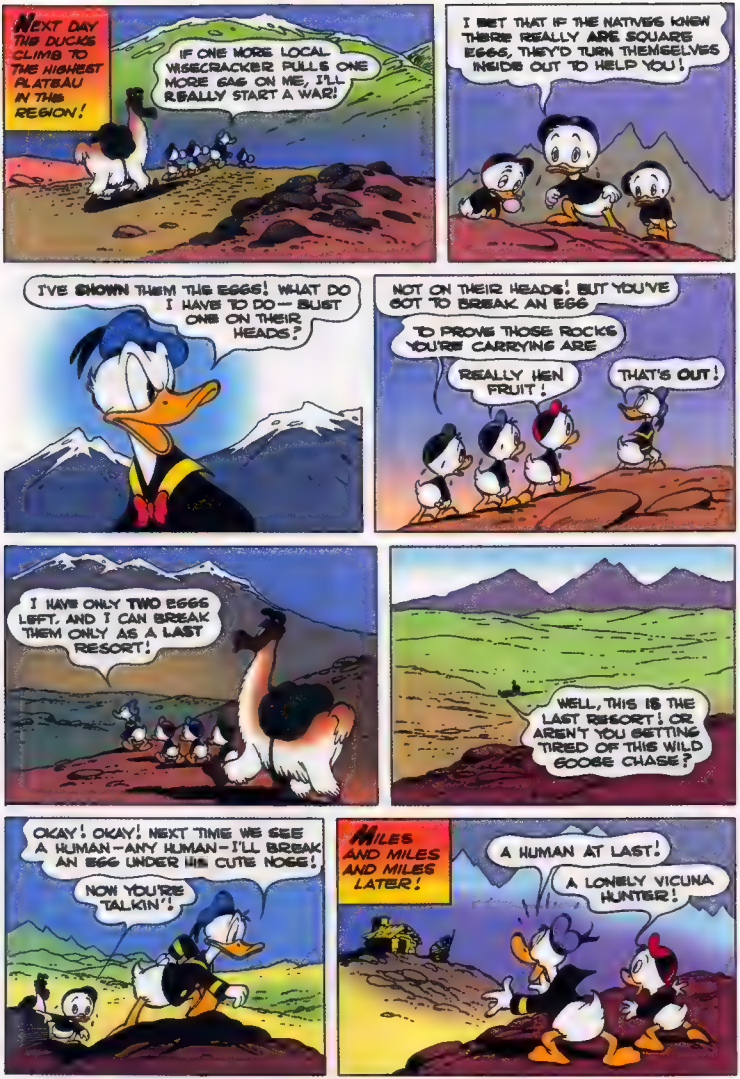
I'LL SEND MY ASSISTANTS !!! OH, NEVER MIND — I'LL GO!

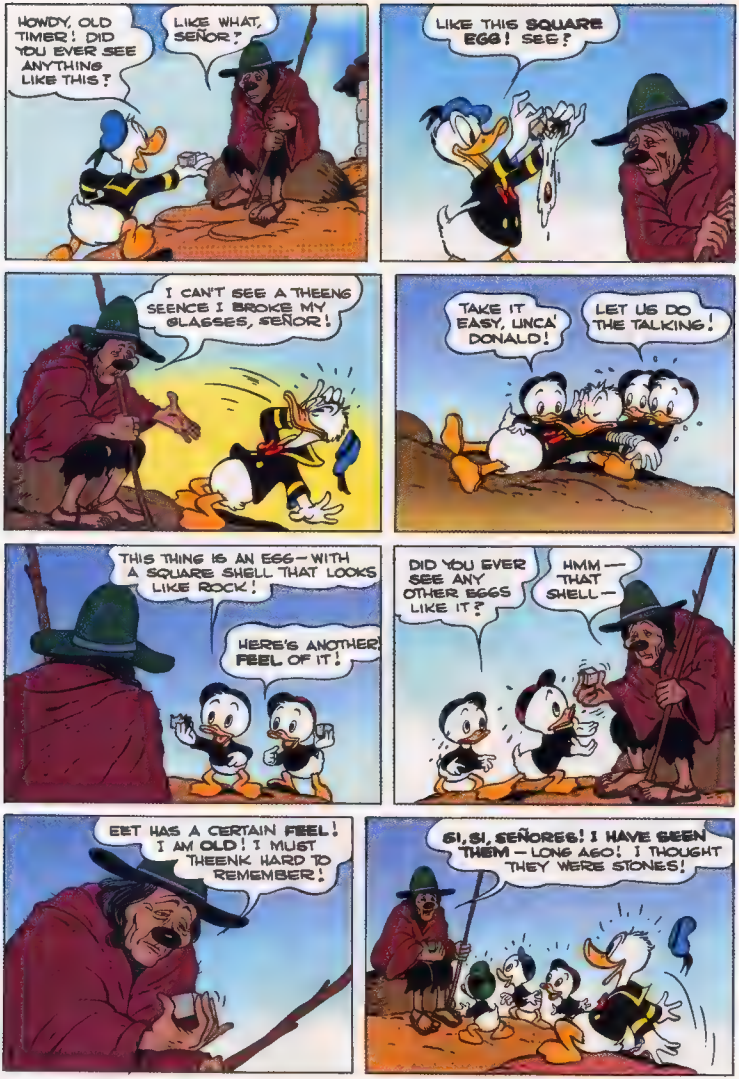
SOME DAYS LATER!
WE'RE NEARING THE OLD INCA COUNTRY, KIDS! PRETTY SOON WE OUGHT TO MEET SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS WHERE TO FIND SQUARE EGGS!
HERE COMES A BRIGHT-LOOKING GUY NOW! WE'LL ASK HIM!
SALUDOS, AMIGO! WHERE COME YOU FROM?
HIGH UP EGN MOUNTAINS, SEÑOR!
PERHAPS, THEN, YOU HAVE SEEN THESE SORT OF THINGS?
SI, SI, SEÑOR! MANY, MANY TIMES!
WEETH ME NOW, I HAVE TWO! MUCH, MUCH BETTER THAN THOSE YOU HAVE!
SEE? SOLID IVORY WEETH BLACK SPOTS!
DICE!
I ALSO HAVE FINE FOLDING BOARD! PLAY YOU GAME OF BACKGAMMON! YAAS? NO?
FORGET IT!
SQUARE EGGS DON'T SEEM TO BE COMMON AROUND HERE!
YOU'RE GETTING THE GENERAL IDEA, KIDS!

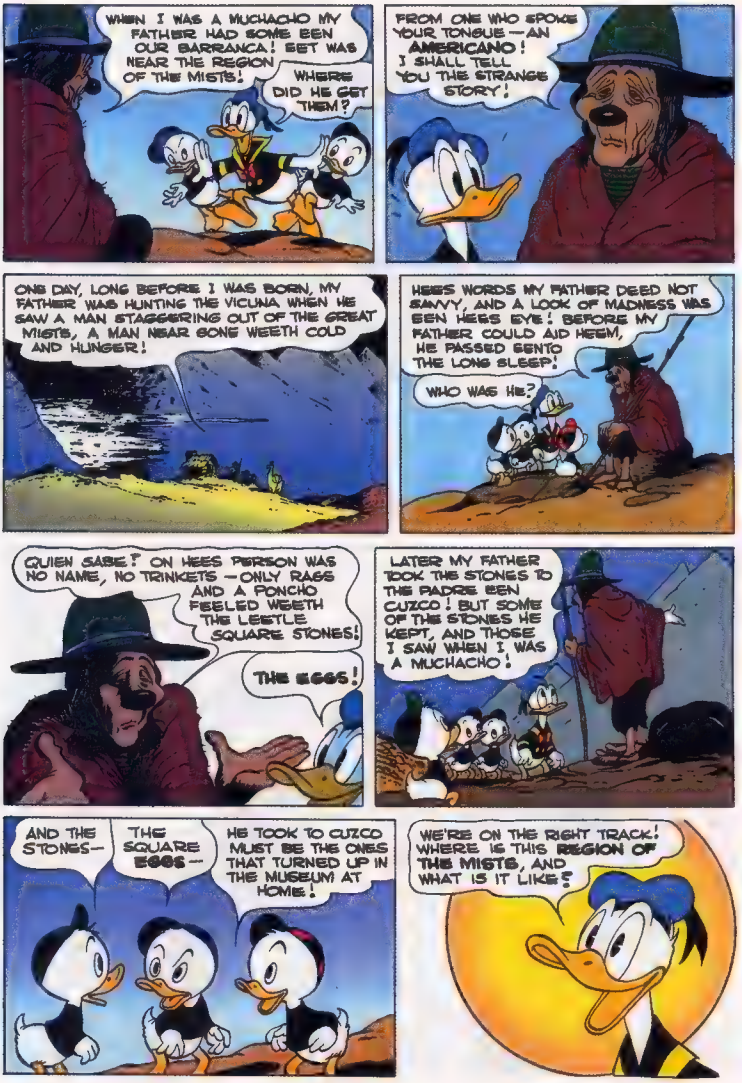
HEY, YOU! GET BACK! WE WERE ON THIS BRIDGE FIRST!
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING WITH THOSE WINGS ON YOU, ANYHOW?
ME GOING TO FLY!
WATCH!
STOP! STOP! YOU MUST BE GOOFY!
THAT'S WHAT ALL MY FRIENDS TELL ME! THEY SAY ME GOOFIEST GUY IN ANDES!
BY THE WAY, WHAT YOU DOING EEN THEES CONTREE?
I'M LOOKING FOR SQUARE EGGS!
SQUARE EGGS!
PABLO! MANCO! TUPEC! LOOK QUEEK! ME NO LONGER GOOFIEST GUY EEN ANDES!
MEET THE NEW CHAMPION!

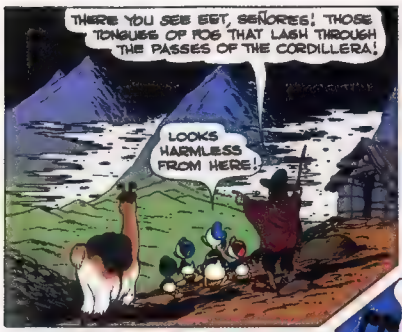
UP AWESOME ANDEAN TRAILS THE EGG HUNT PROCEEDS!
NEXT GUY I ASK ABOUT SQUARE EGGS HAD BETTER GIVE A SENSIBLE ANSWER, OR I'LL START A WAR!
SALUDOS, SEÑORS! YOU LOOKING FOR BEAUTIFUL SCENERY? YAAS?
NO! I'M LOOKING FOR—OH, NEVER MIND!
HERE ARE SOME SQUARE EGGS—BELIEVE IT OR NOT! DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND MORE LIKE THEM?
SQUARE EGGS, YOU SAY? THEY LOOK LIKE STONES!
I'LL PAY WELL FOR THEM! FIFTY CENTAVOS A DOZEN!
FEEFTY CENTAVOS A DOZZEN! THAT EES MUCHO DINERO, SEÑOR!
FOR THAT PRICE YOU CAN FIND ALL YOU WANT BEN NEXT VEELAGE, SEÑOR!
OH, BOY! THANKS A LOT, PAL!
I MUST GGET MESSAGE TO MY PEOPLE! FEEFTY CENTAVOS EES MUCHO DINERO!
NEXT VILLAGE!
50 CENTAVOS A DOZ.

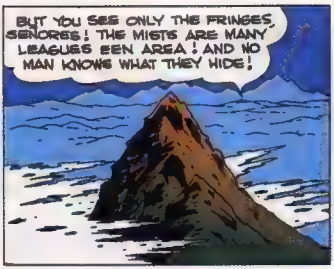

OH, BOY! OH, BOY! SQUARE EGGS EVERYWHERE! I'LL BUY THE WHOLE CABOODLE!
FUNNY HOW SQUARE EGGS BECAME SO PLENTIFUL ALL OF A SUDDEN!
AND A FEW MILES DOWN THE TRAIL NOBODY HAD EVER HEARD OF 'EM!
TO HAVE THAT MANY SQUARE EGGS, THESE VILLAGERS MUST HAVE QUITE A FLOCK OF SQUARE CHICKENS!
I DON'T SEE EVEN A ROUND CHICKEN!
OR A RHODE ISLAND RED!
OR A WHITE LEGHORN!
BUT I DO SEE A WARD AND ROEBUCK CEMENT MIXER AND A SET OF SQUARE MOLDS!
CEMENT
UNCA' DONALD!
AND SO ENDS ANOTHER DAY AS DONALD AND HIS NEPHEWS, DISHEARTENED AND DISILLUSIONED, CAMP HIGH IN AN ANDEAN PASS!
STOP BLOWING THAT BUBBLE GUM!
AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, SHAGGY SLACKS!

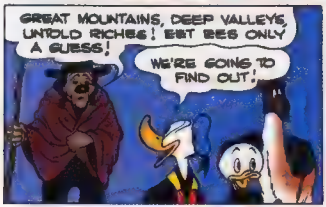

NEXT DAY THE DUCKS CLIMB TO THE HIGHEST PLATEAU IN THE REGION!
IF ONE MORE LOCAL WISECRACKER PULLS ONE MORE GAG ON ME, I'LL REALLY START A WAR!
I BET THAT IF THE NATIVES KNEW THERE REALLY ARE SQUARE EGGS, THEY'D TURN THEMSELVES INSIDE OUT TO HELP YOU!
I'VE SHOWN THEM THE EGGS! WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO— BUST ONE ON THEIR HEADS?
NOT ON THEIR HEADS! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BREAK AN EGG
TO PROVE THOSE ROCKS YOU'RE CARRYING ARE
REALLY HEN FRUIT!
THAT'S OUT!
I HAVE ONLY TWO EGGS LEFT, AND I CAN BREAK THEM ONLY AS A LAST RESORT!
WELL, THIS IS THE LAST RESORT! OR AREN'T YOU GETTING TIRED OF THIS WILD GOOSE CHASE?
OKAY! OKAY! NEXT TIME WE SEE A HUMAN—ANY HUMAN—I'LL BREAK AN EGG UNDER HIS CUTE NOSE!
NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!
MILES AND MILES AND MILES LATER!
A HUMAN AT LAST!
A LONELY VICUNA HUNTER!

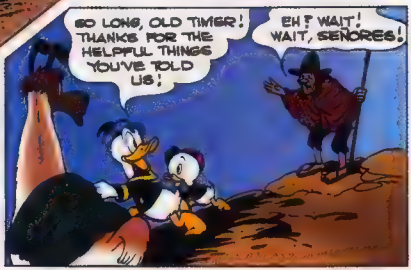

HOWDY, OLD TIMER! DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING LIKE THIS?
LIKE WHAT, SEÑOR?
LIKE THIS SQUARE EGG! SEE?
I CAN'T SEE A THEENG SEENCE I BROKE MY GLASSES, SEÑOR!
TAKE IT EASY, UNCA' DONALD!
LET US DO THE TALKING!
THIS THING IS AN EGG—WITH A SQUARE SHELL THAT LOOKS LIKE ROCK!
HERE'S ANOTHER FEEL OF IT!
DID YOU EVER SEE ANY OTHER EGGS LIKE IT?
HMM— THAT SHELL—
EET HAS A CERTAIN FEEL! I AM OLD! I MUST THEENK HARD TO REMEMBER!
SI, SI, SEÑORES! I HAVE SEEN THEM— LONG AGO! I THOUGHT THEY WERE STONES!

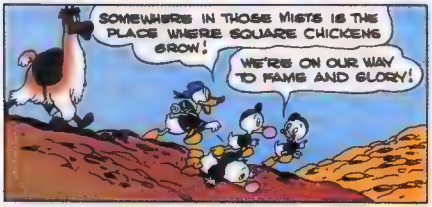

WHEN I WAS A MUCHACHO MY FATHER HAD SOME EEN OUR BARRANCA! EET WAS NEAR THE REGION OF THE MISTS!
WHERE DID HE GET THEM?
FROM ONE WHO SPOKE YOUR TONGUE — AN AMERICANO! I SHALL TELL YOU THE STRANGE STORY!
ONE DAY, LONG BEFORE I WAS BORN, MY FATHER WAS HUNTING THE VICUNA WHEN HE SAW A MAN STAGGERING OUT OF THE GREAT MISTS, A MAN NEAR DONE WEETH COLD AND HUNGER!
HEES WORDS MY FATHER DEED NOT SAVVY, AND A LOOK OF MADNESS WAS EEN HEES EYE! BEFORE MY FATHER COULD AID HEEM, HE PASSED EENTO THE LONG SLEEP!
WHO WAS HE?
QUIEN SABE! ON HEES PERSON WAS NO NAME, NO TRINKETS — ONLY RAGS AND A PONCHO FEELED WEETH THE LEETLE SQUARE STONES!
THE EGGS!
LATER MY FATHER TOOK THE STONES TO THE PADRE EEN CUZCO! BUT SOME OF THE STONES HE KEPT, AND THOSE I SAW WHEN I WAS A MUCHACHO!
AND THE STONES—
THE SQUARE EGGS—
HE TOOK TO CUZCO MUST BE THE ONES THAT TURNED UP IN THE MUSEUM AT HOME!
WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! WHERE IS THIS REGION OF THE MISTS, AND WHAT IS IT LIKE?

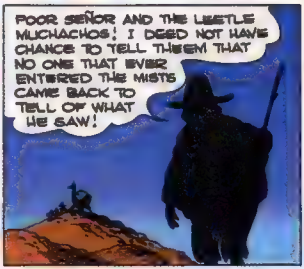

THERE YOU SEE EET, SEÑORES! THOSE TONGUES OF FOG THAT LASH THROUGH THE PASSES OF THE CORDILLERA!
LOOKS HARMLESS FROM HERE!

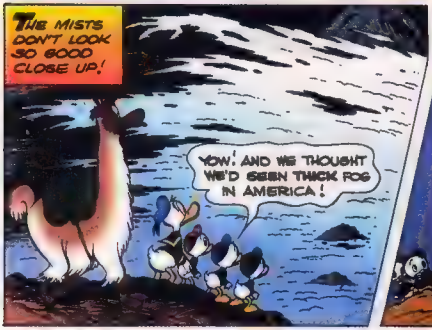

BUT YOU SEE ONLY THE FRINGES, SEÑORES! THE MISTS ARE MANY LEAGUES EEN AREA! AND NO MAN KNOWS WHAT THEY HIDE!


GREAT MOUNTAINS, DEEP VALLEYS, UNTOLD RICHES! EET EES ONLY A GUESS!
WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT!


SO LONG, OLD TIMER! THANKS FOR THE HELPFUL THINGS YOU'VE TOLD US!
EH? WAIT! WAIT, SEÑORES!

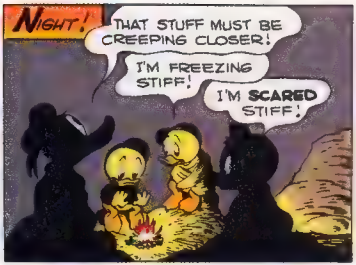

SOMEWHERE IN THOSE MISTS IS THE PLACE WHERE SQUARE CHICKENS GROW!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO FAME AND GLORY!

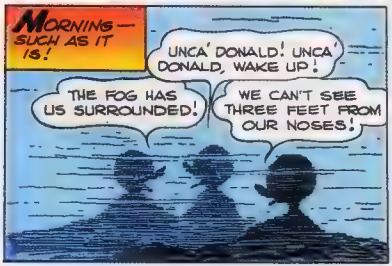

POOR SEÑOR AND THE LEETLE MUCHACHOS! I DEED NOT HAVE CHANCE TO TELL THEEM THAT NO ONE THAT EVER ENTERED THE MISTS CAME BACK TO TELL OF WHAT HE SAW!

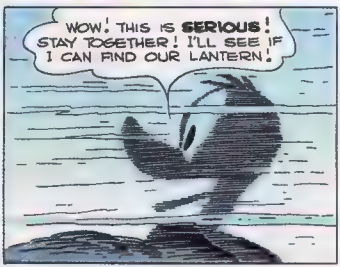

THE MISTS DON'T LOOK SO GOOD CLOSE UP!
YOW! AND WE THOUGHT WE'D SEEN THICK FOG IN AMERICA!

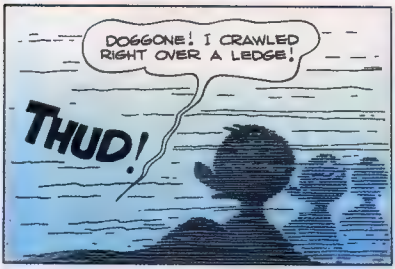
NOW THIS COWARDLY LLAMA QUITS AND WON'T GO ANOTHER INCH!
MAYBE HE'S SMART!

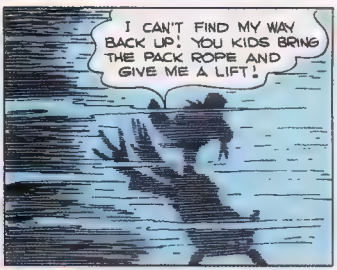
NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT CAMP FOR THE NIGHT! IT'S TOO LATE TO TACKLE THAT FOG, ANYWAY!

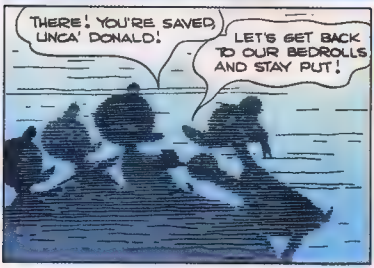

NIGHT!
THAT STUFF MUST BE CREEPING CLOSER!
I'M FREEZING STIFF!
I'M SCARED STIFF!

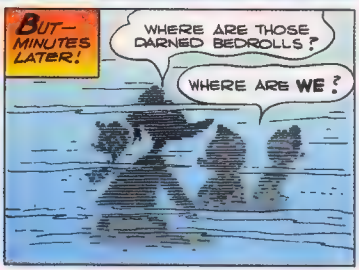

MORNING— SUCH AS IT IS!
UNCA' DONALD! UNCA' DONALD, WAKE UP!
THE FOG HAS US SURROUNDED!
WE CAN'T SEE THREE FEET FROM OUR NOSES!

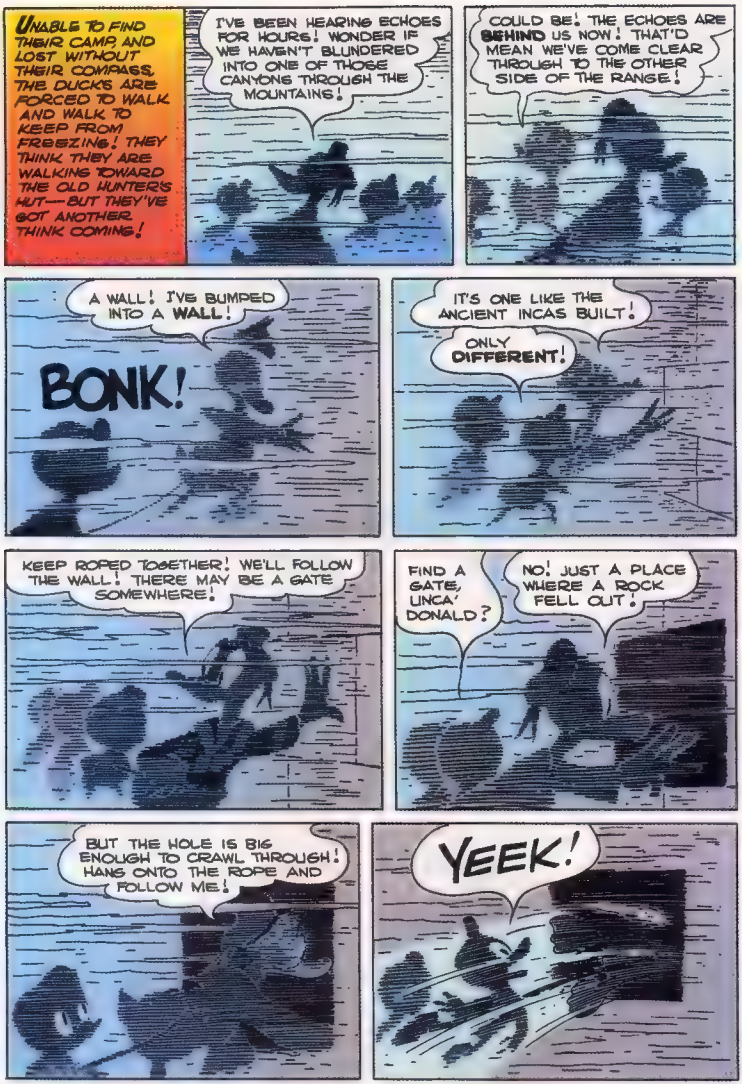

WOW! THIS IS SERIOUS! STAY TOGETHER! I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND OUR LANTERN!


DOGGONE! I CRAWLED RIGHT OVER A LEDGE!
THUD!

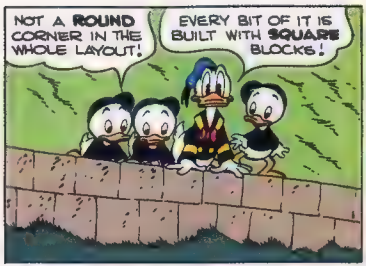

I CAN'T FIND MY WAY BACK UP! YOU KIDS BRING THE PACK ROPE AND GIVE ME A LIFT!

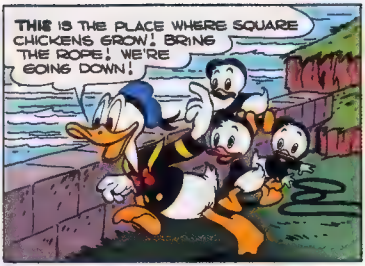

THERE! YOU'RE SAVED, UNCA' DONALD!
LET'S GET BACK TO OUR BEDROLLS AND STAY PUT!

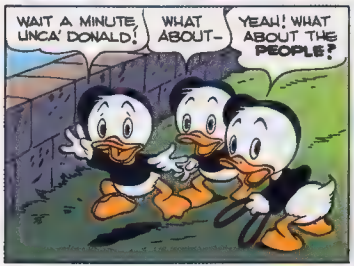

BUT— MINUTES LATER!
WHERE ARE THOSE DARNED BEDROLLS?
WHERE ARE WE?

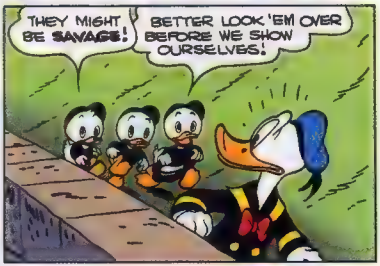

UNABLE TO FIND THEIR CAMP AND LOST WITHOUT THEIR COMPASS, THE DUCKS ARE FORCED TO WALK AND WALK TO KEEP FROM FREEZING! THEY THINK THEY ARE WALKING TOWARD THE OLD HUNTER'S HUT—BUT THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!
I'VE BEEN HEARING ECHOES FOR HOURS! WONDER IF WE HAVEN'T BLUNDERED INTO ONE OF THOSE CANYONS THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS!
COULD BE! THE ECHOES ARE BEHIND US NOW! THAT'D MEAN WE'VE COME CLEAR THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RANGE!
A WALL! I'VE BUMPED INTO A WALL!
BONK!
IT'S ONE LIKE THE ANCIENT INCAS BUILT!
ONLY DIFFERENT!
KEEP ROPED TOGETHER! WE'LL FOLLOW THE WALL! THERE MAY BE A GATE SOMEWHERE!
FIND A GATE, UNCA' DONALD?
NO! JUST A PLACE WHERE A ROCK FELL OUT!
BUT THE HOLE IS BIG ENOUGH TO CRAWL THROUGH! HANG ONTO THE ROPE AND FOLLOW ME!
YEEK!

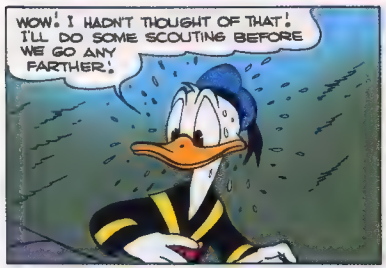
YE CATS! THERE WASN'T ANY OTHER SIDE TO THE WALL! I JUST CRAWLED OUT INTO NOTHING!
THE FOG IS THINNING!
WE'RE SLIDING OUT OF THE BOTTOM OF IT!
GRASS!
A GRASSY SLOPE!
AND NOTICE HOW WARM IT'S GETTING!
BONK!
WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW!
A LOST WORLD BENEATH THE FOG,
SURE IS A BLOCKY-LOOKIN' PLACE!

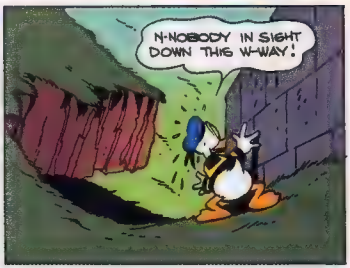

NOT A ROUND CORNER IN THE WHOLE LAYOUT!
EVERY BIT OF IT IS BUILT WITH SQUARE BLOCKS!

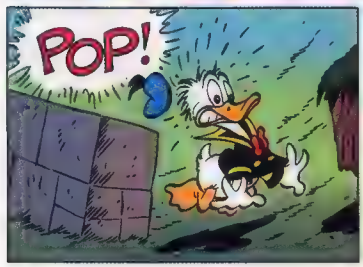

THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE SQUARE CHICKENS GROW! BRING THE ROPE! WE'RE GOING DOWN!

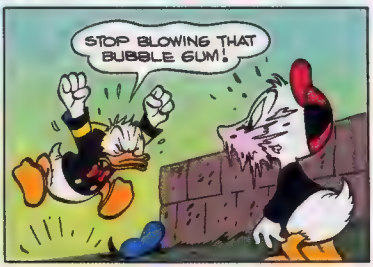

WAIT A MINUTE, UNCA' DONALD!
WHAT ABOUT-
YEAH! WHAT ABOUT THE PEOPLE?

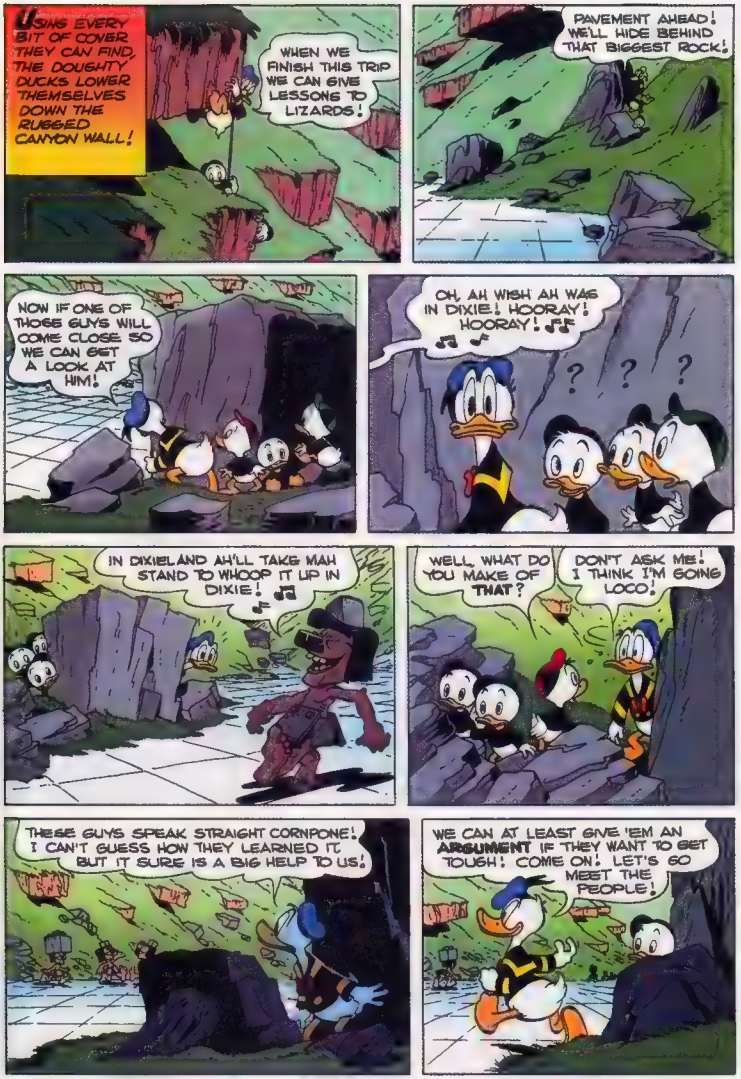

THEY MIGHT BE SAVAGE!
BETTER LOOK 'EM OVER BEFORE WE SHOW OURSELVES!

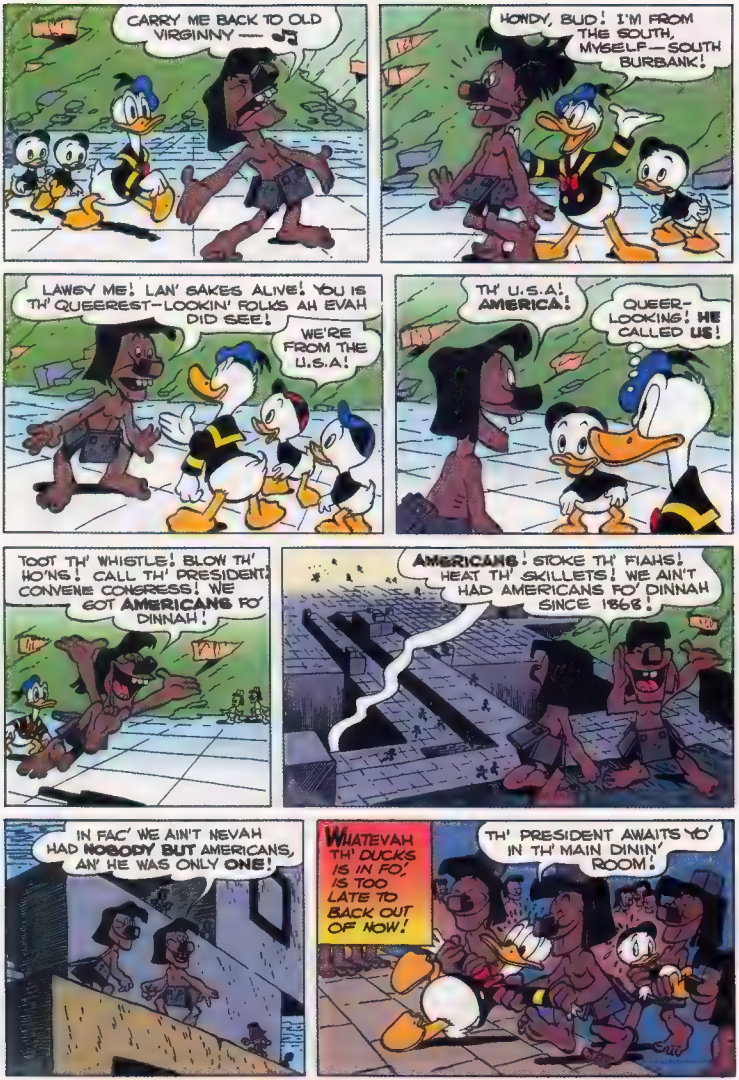

WOW! I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT! I'LL DO SOME SCOUTING BEFORE WE GO ANY FARTHER!

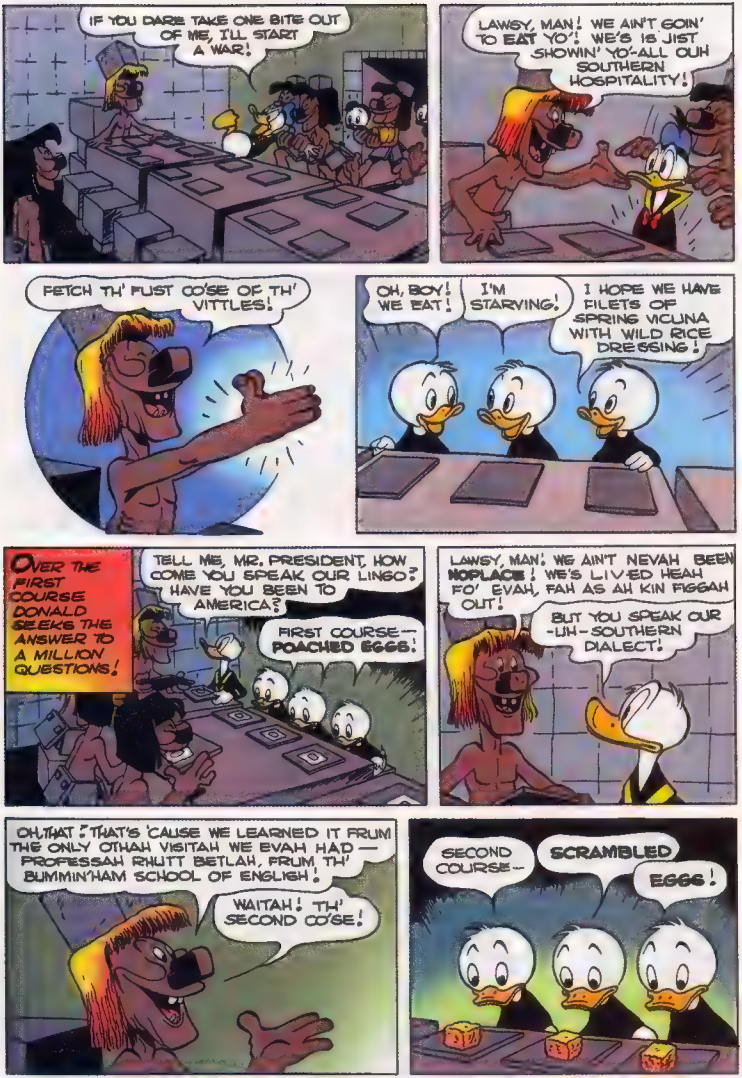

N-NOBODY IN SIGHT DOWN THIS W-WAY!

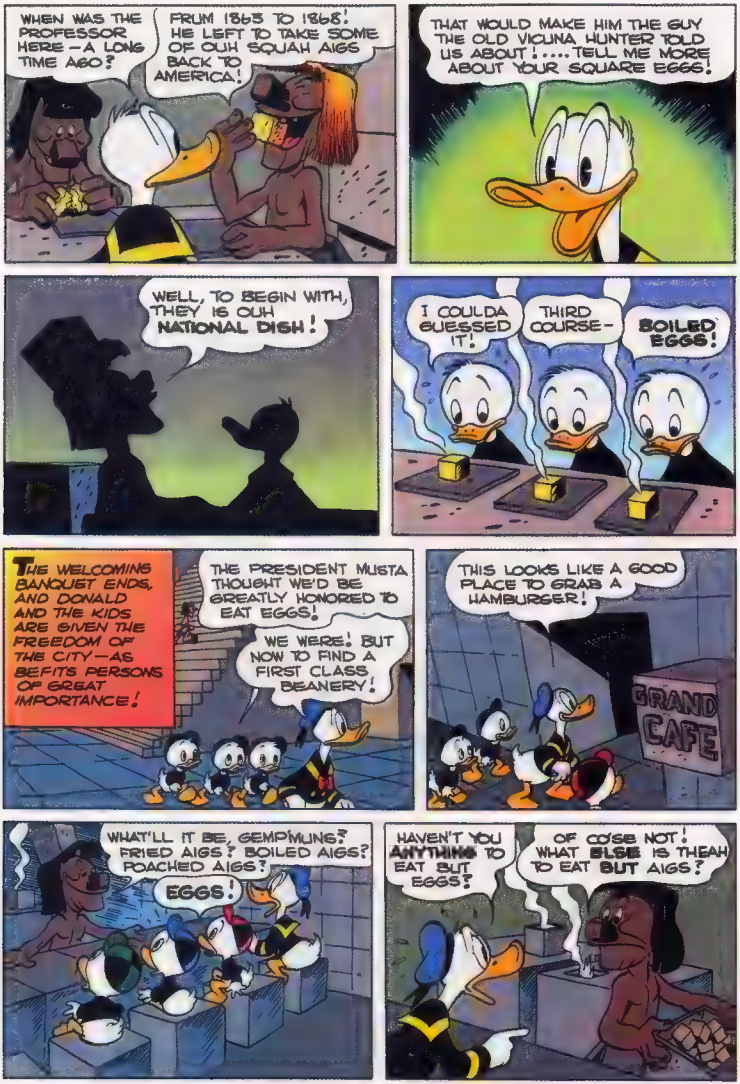

POP!

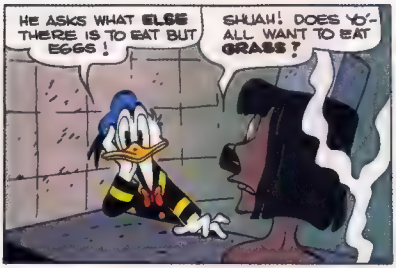

STOP BLOWING THAT BUBBLE GUM!

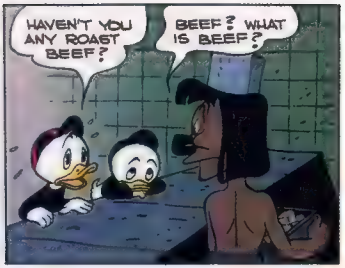

USING EVERY BIT OF COVER THEY CAN FIND, THE DOUGHTY DUCKS LOWER THEMSELVES DOWN THE RUGGED CANYON WALL!
WHEN WE FINISH THIS TRIP WE CAN GIVE LESSONS TO LIZARDS!
PAVEMENT AHEAD! WE'LL HIDE BEHIND THAT BIGGEST ROCK!
NOW IF ONE OF THOSE GUYS WILL COME CLOSE SO WE CAN GET A LOOK AT HIM!
OH, AH WISH AH WAS IN DIXIE! HOORAY! HOORAY!
IN DIXIELAND AH'LL TAKE MAH STAND TO WHOOP IT UP IN DIXIE!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT?
DON'T ASK ME! I THINK I'M GOING LOCO!
THESE GUYS SPEAK STRAIGHT CORNPONE! I CAN'T GUESS HOW THEY LEARNED IT BUT IT SURE IS A BIG HELP TO US!
WE CAN AT LEAST GIVE 'EM AN ARGUMENT IF THEY WANT TO GET TOUGH! COME ON! LET'S GO MEET THE PEOPLE!

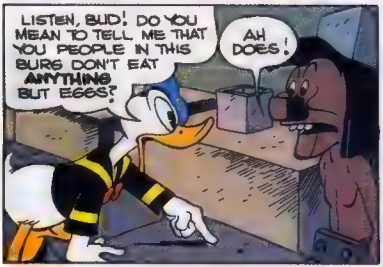

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY —
HOWDY, BUD! I'M FROM THE SOUTH, MYSELF — SOUTH BURBANK!
LAWSY ME! LAN' SAKES ALIVE! YOU IS TH' QUEEREST-LOOKIN' FOLKS AH EVAH DID SEE!
WE'RE FROM THE U.S.A!
TH' U.S.A! AMERICA!
QUEER-LOOKING! HE CALLED US!
TOOT TH' WHISTLE! BLOW TH' HO'NS! CALL TH' PRESIDENT! CONVENE CONGRESS! WE GOT AMERICANS FO' DINNAH!
AMERICANS! STOKE TH' FIAHS! HEAT TH' SKILLETS! WE AIN'T HAD AMERICANS FO' DINNAH SINCE 1868!
IN FAC' WE AIN'T NEVAH HAD NOBODY BUT AMERICANS, AN' HE WAS ONLY ONE!
WHATEVAH TH' DUCKS IS IN FO', IS TOO LATE TO BACK OUT OF NOW!
TH' PRESIDENT AWAITS YO' IN TH' MAIN DININ' ROOM!

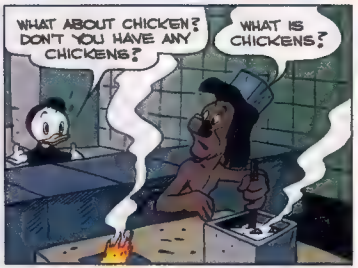

IF YOU DARE TAKE ONE BITE OUT OF ME, I'LL START A WAR!
LAWSY, MAN! WE AIN'T GOIN' TO EAT YO'! WE'S IS JIST SHOWIN' YO'-ALL OUH SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY!
FETCH TH' FUST CO'SE OF TH' VITTLES!
OH, BOY! WE EAT!
I'M STARVING!
I HOPE WE HAVE FILETS OF SPRING VICUNA WITH WILD RICE DRESSING!
OVER THE FIRST COURSE DONALD SEEKS THE ANSWER TO A MILLION QUESTIONS!
TELL ME, MR. PRESIDENT, HOW COME YOU SPEAK OUR LINGO? HAVE YOU BEEN TO AMERICA?
FIRST COURSE— POACHED EGGS!
LAWSY, MAN! WE AIN'T NEVAH BEEN NOPLACE! WE'S LIVED HEAH FO' EVAH, FAH AS AH KIN FIGGAH OUT!
BUT YOU SPEAK OUR -UH- SOUTHERN DIALECT!
OH, THAT? THAT'S 'CAUSE WE LEARNED IT FRUM THE ONLY OTHAH VISITAH WE EVAH HAD — PROFESSAH RHUTT BETLAH, FRUM TH' BUMMIN'HAM SCHOOL OF ENGLIGH!
WAITAH! TH' SECOND CO'SE!
SECOND COURSE—
SCRAMBLED EGGS!

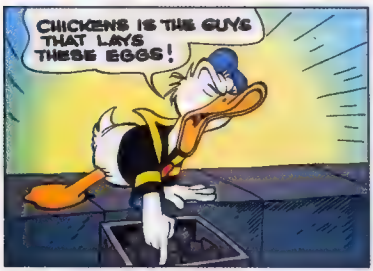

WHEN WAS THE PROFESSOR HERE—A LONG TIME AGO?
FRUM 1863 TO 1868! HE LEFT TO TAKE SOME OF OUH SQUAH AIGS BACK TO AMERICA!
THAT WOULD MAKE HIM THE GUY THE OLD VICUNA HUNTER TOLD US ABOUT!.... TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR SQUARE EGGS!
WELL, TO BEGIN WITH, THEY IS OUH NATIONAL DISH!
I COULDA GUESSED IT!
THIRD COURSE—
BOILED EGGS!
THE WELCOMING BANQUET ENDS, AND DONALD AND THE KIDS ARE GIVEN THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY—AS BEFITS PERSONS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE!
THE PRESIDENT MUSTA THOUGHT WE'D BE GREATLY HONORED TO EAT EGGS!
WE WERE! BUT NOW TO FIND A FIRST CLASS BEANERY!
THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO GRAB A HAMBURGER!
GRAND CAFE
WHAT'LL IT BE, GEMPMUNS? FRIED AIGS? BOILED AIGS? POACHED AIGS?
EGGS!
HAVEN'T YOU ANYTHING TO EAT BUT EGGS?
OF COSS NOT! WHAT ELSE IS THEAH TO EAT BUT AIGS?

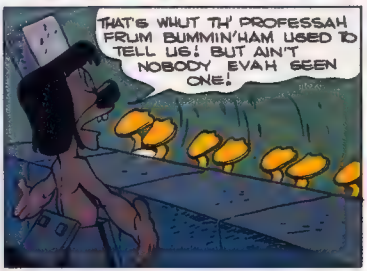

HE ASKS WHAT ELSE THERE IS TO EAT BUT EGGS!
SHUAH! DOES YO'-ALL WANT TO EAT GRASS?

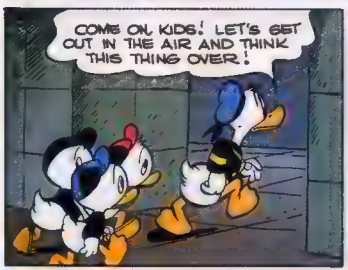

HAVEN'T YOU ANY ROAST BEEF?
BEEF? WHAT IS BEEF?

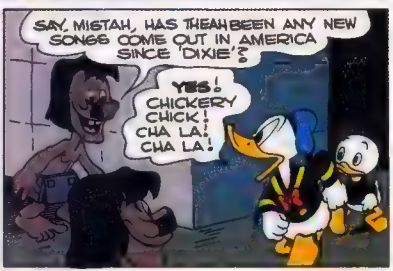

LISTEN, BUD! DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT YOU PEOPLE IN THIS BURG DON'T EAT ANYTHING BUT EGGS?
AH DOES!

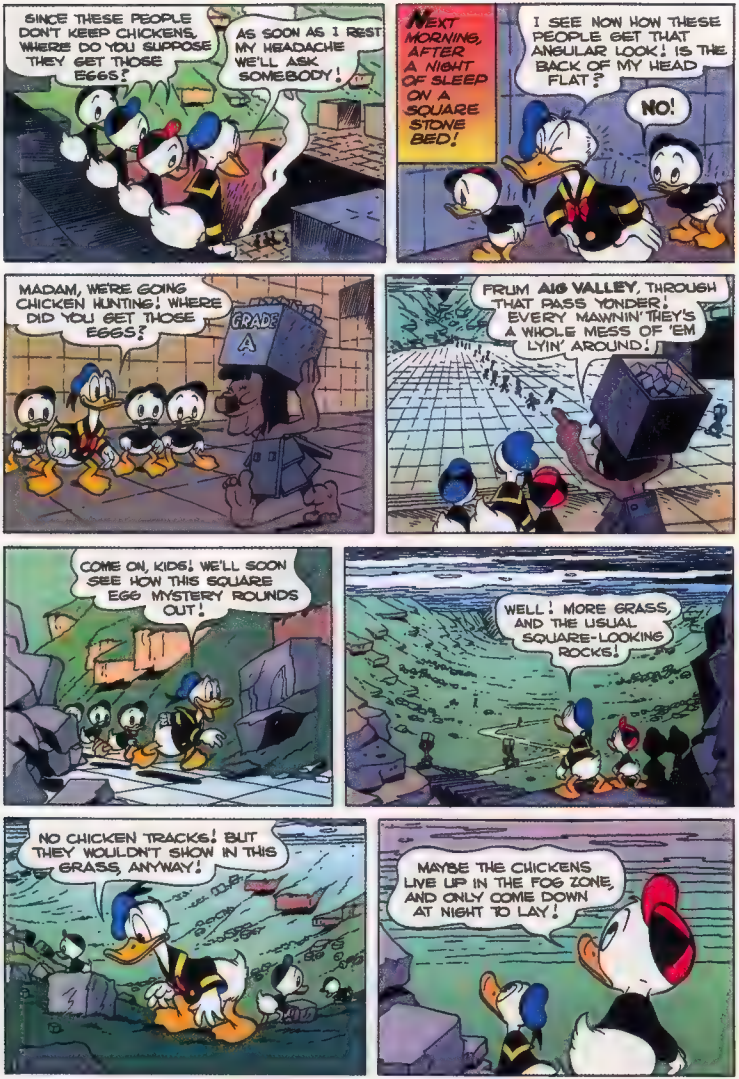

WHAT ABOUT CHICKEN? DON'T YOU HAVE ANY CHICKENS?
WHAT IS CHICKENS?


CHICKENS IS THE GUYS THAT LAYS THESE EGGS!


THAT'S WHUT TH' PROFESSAH FRUM BUMMIN'HAM USED TO TELL US! BUT AIN'T NOBODY EVAH SEEN ONE!

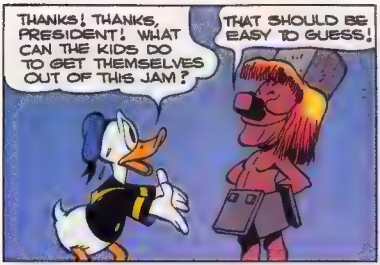

COME ON, KIDS! LET'S GET OUT IN THE AIR AND THINK THIS THING OVER!

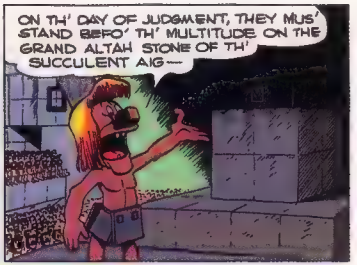

SAY, MISTAH, HAS THEAH BEEN ANY NEW SONGS COME OUT IN AMERICA SINCE 'DIXIE'?
YES! CHICKERY CHICK! CHA LA! CHA LA!

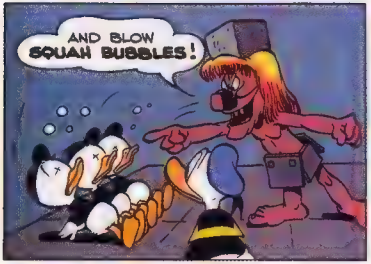

SINCE THESE PEOPLE DON'T KEEP CHICKENS, WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY GET THOSE EGGS?
AS SOON AS I REST MY HEADACHE WE'LL ASK SOMEBODY!
NEXT MORNING, AFTER A NIGHT OF SLEEP ON A SQUARE STONE BED!
I SEE NOW HOW THESE PEOPLE GET THAT ANGULAR LOOK! IS THE BACK OF MY HEAD FLAT?
NO!
MADAM, WE'RE GOING CHICKEN HUNTING! WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE EGGS?
GRADE A
FRUM AIG VALLEY, THROUGH THAT PASS YONDER! EVERY MAWNIN' THEY'S A WHOLE MESS OF 'EM LYIN' AROUND!
COME ON, KIDS! WE'LL SOON SEE HOW THIS SQUARE EGG MYSTERY ROUNDS OUT!
WELL! MORE GRASS, AND THE USUAL SQUARE-LOOKING ROCKS!
NO CHICKEN TRACKS! BUT THEY WOULDN'T SHOW IN THIS GRASS, ANYWAY!
MAYBE THE CHICKENS LIVE UP IN THE FOG ZONE, AND ONLY COME DOWN AT NIGHT TO LAY!

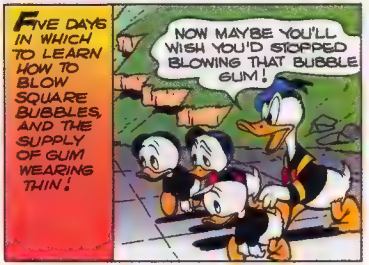
I'M GOING UP ABOVE AND SEE WHAT I CAN SEE!
WONDER IF THE CHICKENS HIDE UNDER THESE ROCKS!
NOPE!
LOOK I BLEW A GUM BUBBLE AND MADE IT STICK ON A ROCK!
CUT! CUT!
RR-RAK!
CUT-CUT!
RR-RAK!
YE CATS! THE ROCKS ARE CHICKENS!
FOLDED-UP CHICKENS!
AND THEY DON'T SEEM TO LIKE THAT ROUND BUBBLE A LITTLE BIT!
AND THEY DON'T LIKE US A LITTLE BIT, EITHER!
UNCA' DONALD!

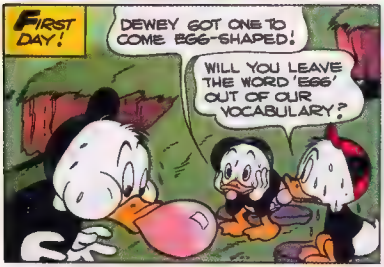
THEIR DISCOVERY OF SQUARE CHICKENS MAKES DONALD AND THE KIDS THE ALL-TIME HEROES OF—
WHAT'S THE NAME OF THIS PLACE, ANYWAY, PRESIDENT?
PLAIN AWFUL! THAT'S WHUT THE PROFESSAH FRUM BUMMIN'HAM CALLED IT!
YIPPEE!
HOORAY!
FO' YOAH FEAT IN FINDIN' THE ELUSIVE SQUAH CHICKENS, AH APPOINT YO-ALL SECRETARIES OF AGRICULTURE!
BY TH' WAY, HOW DID YO' FIND TH' BIRDS?
WELL, WE WERE JUST LOOKING AROUND IN THE ROCKS, BLOWING BUBBLE GUM—
LIKE THIS!
SKIP IT, KIDS! WE WANT TO LEAVE FOR HOME!
ROUND BUBBLES!
ROUND!
SACRILEGE!
BY REASON OF TH' ONLY LAW IN PLAIN AWFUL, YO' HAS COMMITTED THE MOS' HAYNYUS CRIME OF TH' CENTURY!
IT IS CHISELED IN TH' STATUTES THAT WHOEVAH PROJUCES A ROUND OBJECT MUS' SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN TH' STONE QUARRIES!
GULP!
BUT IN CONSIJURATION OF YO' HIGH OFFICES, AH SUSPENDS SENTENCE FO' FIVE DAYS!

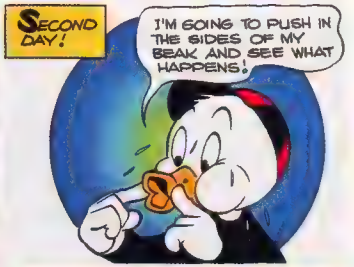

THANKS! THANKS, PRESIDENT! WHAT CAN THE KIDS DO TO GET THEMSELVES OUT OF THIS JAM?
THAT SHOULD BE EASY TO GUESS!

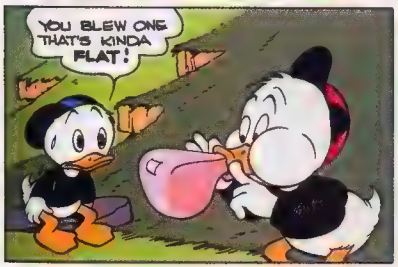

ON TH' DAY OF JUDGMENT, THEY MUS' STAND BEFO' TH' MULTITUDE ON THE GRAND ALTAH STONE OF TH' SUCCULENT AIG—

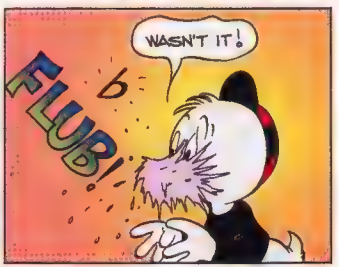

AND BLOW SQUAH BUBBLES!

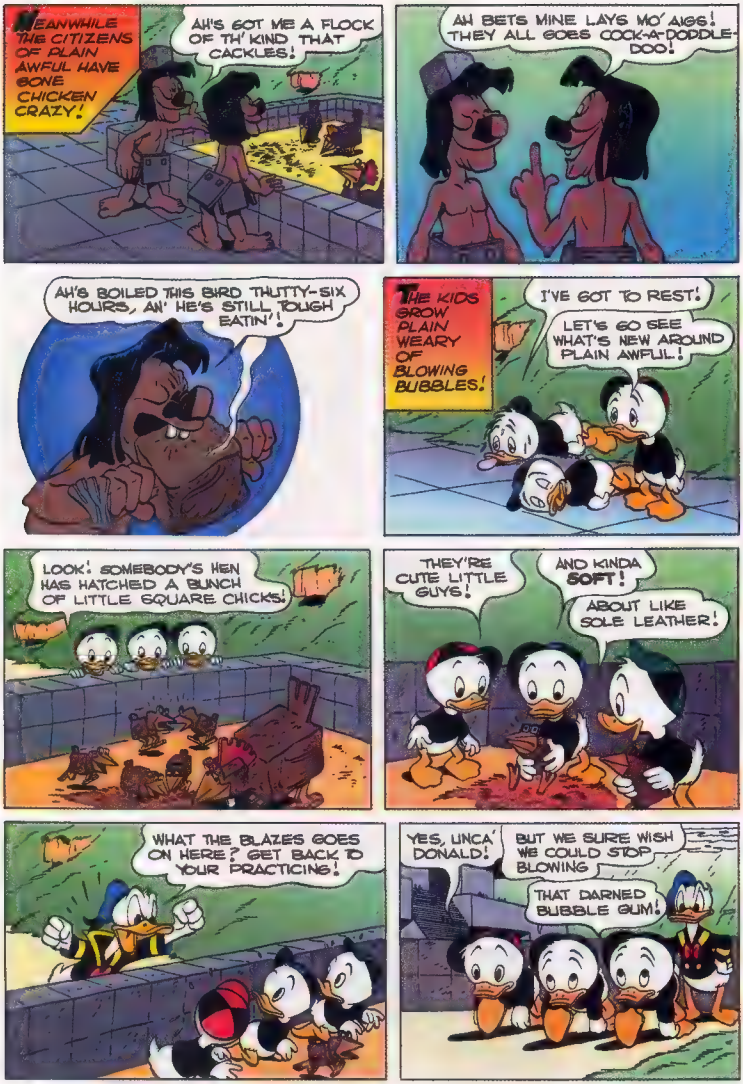

FIVE DAYS IN WHICH TO LEARN HOW TO BLOW SQUARE BUBBLES, AND THE SUPPLY OF GUM WEARING THIN!
NOW MAYBE YOU'LL WISH YOU'D STOPPED BLOWING THAT BUBBLE GUM!

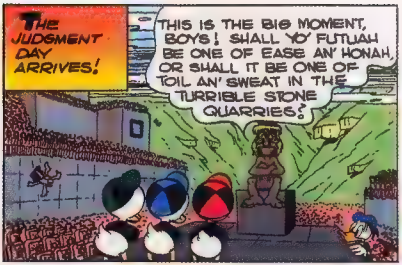

FIRST DAY!
DEWEY GOT ONE TO COME EGG-SHAPED!
WILL YOU LEAVE THE WORD 'EGG' OUT OF OUR VOCABULARY?

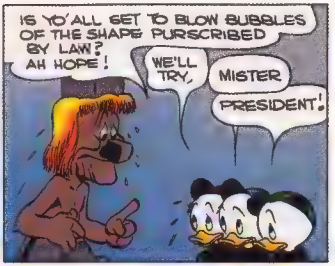

SECOND DAY!
I'M GOING TO PUSH IN THE SIDES OF MY BEAK AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!


YOU BLEW ONE THAT'S KINDA FLAT!

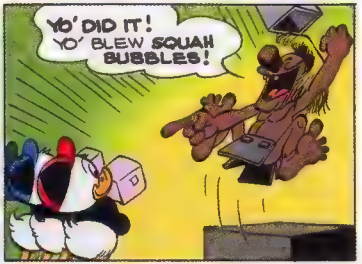

WASN'T IT!
FLUB!

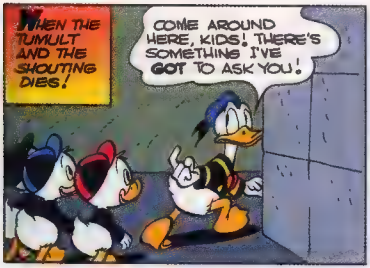

MEANWHILE THE CITIZENS OF PLAIN AWFUL HAVE GONE CHICKEN CRAZY!
AH'S GOT ME A FLOCK OF TH' KIND THAT CACKLES!
AH BETS MINE LAYS MO' AIGS! THEY ALL GOES COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!
AH'S BOILED THIS BIRD THUTTY-SIX HOURS, AN' HE'S STILL TOUGH EATIN'!
THE KIDS GROW PLAIN WEARY OF BLOWING BUBBLES!
I'VE GOT TO REST!
LET'S GO SEE WHAT'S NEW AROUND PLAIN AWFUL!
LOOK! SOMEBODY'S HEN HAS HATCHED A BUNCH OF LITTLE SQUARE CHICKS!
THEY'RE CUTE LITTLE GUYS!
AND KINDA SOFT!
ABOUT LIKE SOLE LEATHER!
WHAT THE BLAZES GOES ON HERE? GET BACK TO YOUR PRACTICING!
YES, LINCA DONALD!
BUT WE SURE WISH WE COULD STOP BLOWING
THAT DARNED BUBBLE GUM!

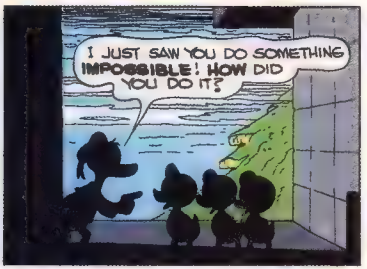

THE JUDGMENT DAY ARRIVES!
THIS IS THE BIG MOMENT, BOYS! SHALL YO' FUTUAH BE ONE OF EASE AN' HONAH, OR SHALL IT BE ONE OF TOIL AN' SWEAT IN THE TURRIBLE STONE QUARRIES?

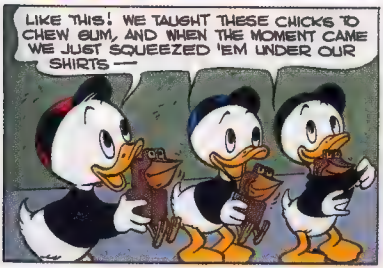

IS YO'ALL SET TO BLOW BUBBLES OF THE SHAPE PURSCRIBED BY LAW? AH HOPE!
WE'LL TRY, MISTER PRESIDENT!

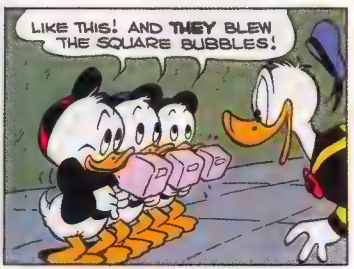
ABOVE EVEN THE MIGHTY MISTS THE ROAR OF THE POPULACE RISES!
THEAH THEY BLOWS!

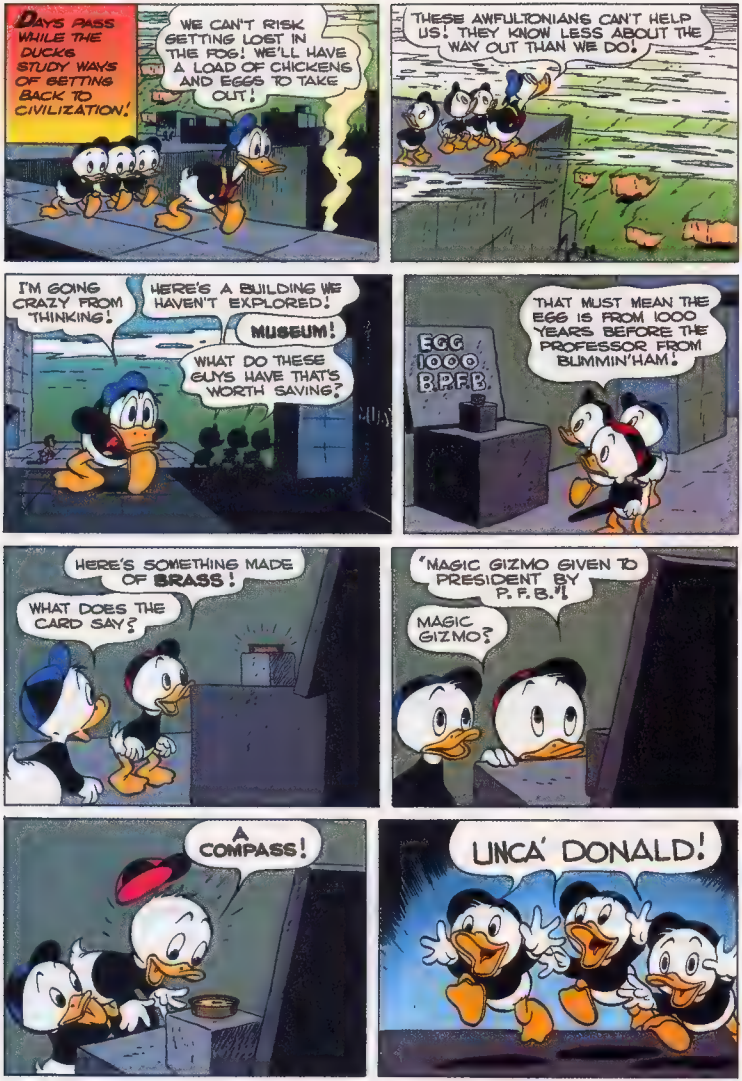

YO' DID IT! YO' BLEW SQUAH BUBBLES!

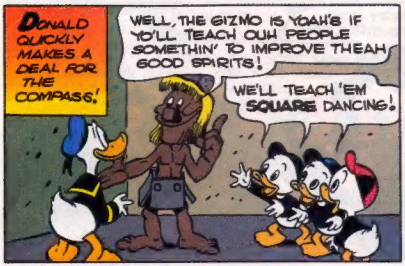

WHEN THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING DIES!
COME AROUND HERE, KIDS! THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO ASK YOU!

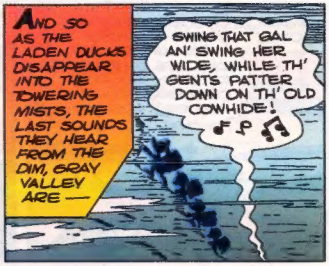

I JUST SAW YOU DO SOMETHING IMPOSSIBLE! HOW DID YOU DO IT?

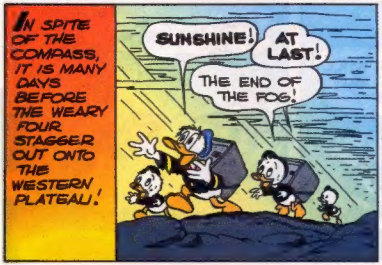

LIKE THIS! WE TAUGHT THESE CHICKS TO CHEW GUM, AND WHEN THE MOMENT CAME WE JUST SQUEEZED 'EM UNDER OUR SHIRTS —

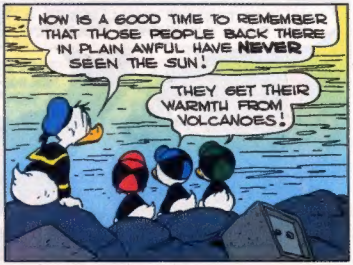

LIKE THIS! AND THEY BLEW THE SQUARE BUBBLES!

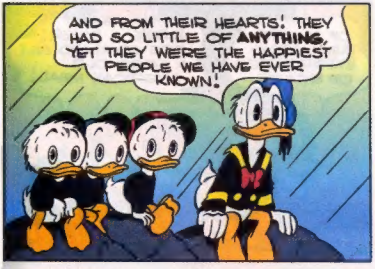

DAYS PASS WHILE THE DUCKS STUDY WAYS OF GETTING BACK TO CIVILIZATION!
WE CAN'T RISK GETTING LOST IN THE FOG! WE'LL HAVE A LOAD OF CHICKENS AND EGGS TO TAKE OUT!
THESE AWFULTONIANS CAN'T HELP US! THEY KNOW LESS ABOUT THE WAY OUT THAN WE DO!
I'M GOING CRAZY FROM THINKING!
HERE'S A BUILDING WE HAVEN'T EXPLORED!
MUSEUM!
WHAT DO THESE GUYS HAVE THAT'S WORTH SAVING?
EGG 1000 B.P.F.B.
THAT MUST MEAN THE EGG IS FROM 1000 YEARS BEFORE THE PROFESSOR FROM BUMMIN'HAM!
HERE'S SOMETHING MADE OF BRASS!
WHAT DOES THE CARD SAY?
"MAGIC GIZMO GIVEN TO PRESIDENT BY P.F.B."!
MAGIC GIZMO?
A COMPASS!
UNCA' DONALD!

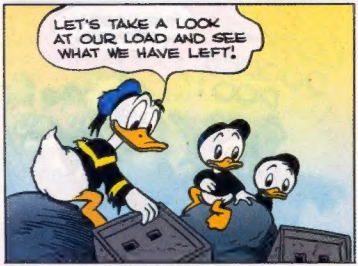

DONALD QUICKLY MAKES A DEAL FOR THE COMPASS!
WELL, THE GIZMO IS YOAH'S IF YO'LL TEACH OUH PEOPLE SOMETHIN' TO IMPROVE THEAH GOOD SPIRITS!
WE'LL TEACH 'EM SQUARE DANCING!

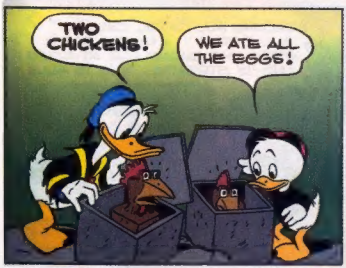

AND SO AS THE LADEN DUCKS DISAPPEAR INTO THE TOWERING MISTS, THE LAST SOUNDS THEY HEAR FROM THE DIM, GRAY VALLEY ARE —
SWING THAT GAL AN' SWING HER WIDE, WHILE TH' GENTS PATTER DOWN ON TH' OLD COWHIDE!

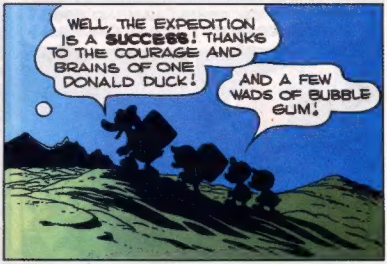

IN SPITE OF THE COMPASS, IT IS MANY DAYS BEFORE THE WEARY FOUR STAGGER OUT ONTO THE WESTERN PLATEAU!
SUNSHINE! AT LAST!
THE END OF THE FOG!


NOW IS A GOOD TIME TO REMEMBER THAT THOSE PEOPLE BACK THERE IN PLAIN AWFUL HAVE NEVER SEEN THE SUN!
THEY GET THEIR WARMTH FROM VOLCANOES!


AND FROM THEIR HEARTS! THEY HAD SO LITTLE OF ANYTHING, YET THEY WERE THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE WE HAVE EVER KNOWN!


LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT OUR LOAD AND SEE WHAT WE HAVE LEFT!


TWO CHICKENS!
WE ATE ALL THE EGGS!


WELL, THE EXPEDITION IS A SUCCESS! THANKS TO THE COURAGE AND BRAINS OF ONE DONALD DUCK!
AND A FEW WADS OF BUBBLE GUM!

AMERICA! HOME!
DONALD DUCK ON SHIP-TO-SHORE HOOKUP CALLING CONCLAVE OF SCIENTISTS TO STUDY SQUARE CHICKENS FROM THE ANDES! RRR-RAK!
VERY ODD CONSTRUCTION!
NO FEATHERS!
SKIN THICK AND GRITTY LIKE HALF-SET CEMENT!
THEY ARE ALMOST PURE CALCIUM, VITAMINS, AND MINERALS!
WITH THIS PAIR WE SHALL BREED A NEW RACE OF SUPER POULTRY!
THEY'RE STILL YOUNG! BUT SOON—
LOOK! ONE IS GOING TO CROW!
COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!
THEY BOTH CROWED!
OF ALL THE HUMILIATING EXPERIENCES OF MY LIFE—
HERE'S A DINER! LET'S GO IN AND GET A GOOD OLD AMERICAN MEAL!
WHAT'LL IT BE, GENTS? HAM AND EGGS! CHEESE OMELET? ROAST CHICKEN?
CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL CARS! ANGRY DUCK WRECKING DINING CAR AT SIXTH AND 'D' STREETS! THAT IS ALL!

LETTERS DONALD DUCK AND FRIENDS

E-mail: *dd@gemstonepub.com*
Surface mail: *Donald Duck, 1966 Greenspring Drive Ste. 400,Timonium MD 21093.*

"Get your eyes ready—Here I come!"—Donald Duck from Carl Barks' "Snow Fun," originally from *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories* 40 (January, 1944), reprinted in *Donald Duck and Friends* 321. This reader's eyes were not only "ready," but willing and able to enjoy this interesting curio from the early days of one of comics' greatest creators.

At this primary stage of Mr. Barks' funnybook career, we see not so much a true comic book story as an animation storyboard buoyed by entertaining dialogue far in excess of the cartoon fare of the day. Indeed, this story of Donald's quest for one great, self-validating ski jump could have been executed equally as well with Barks' superb dialogue, or Clarence Nash's classically unintelligible quacking.

With the promise of a reprint of "Wintertime Wager," the story in which Barks introduced Gladstone Gander, in issue #322, we will see a significant leap forward in Unca Carl's storytelling abilities, leading to his absolute heights of 1948 thru 1955.

Though some of the younger readers might momentarily wonder why Don consults an almanac rather than turns to a cable network or the Internet for tomorrow's weather forecast, "Snow Fun" remains an otherwise timeless Carl Barks romp certain to delight readers of all ages and eras.

—Joe Torcivia
via email

Well, I had to wait a month but I really enjoyed the conclusion of Pat and Carol McGreal's and Rodriques' "Werewolf Worries." From the opening panel, with "werewolf" Goofy howling and the cheery Minnie walking up behind him, to the panel with Goofy on the roof holding Minnie and howling at the full moon, to the splendid panel of Goofy bursting through the movie screen, to Goofy's transformation, there wasn't a wrong move. "Just try to look like you have a pedigree, pal!" is my favorite line, though I have a fondness for "Neither will relinquish the wiener!" too, for some reason. The clever Mickey is of course the star of the show, but I have to admit I enjoyed Moochie. For a small dog, she sure had a lot of attitude. Any chance she and Nooney will return again?

The Donald/Gladstone "Had a Gobbler" was another great story. Donald's ingenuity constantly amazes me. Breck's Bric-A-Brac truly does sell everything a duck could need to foil his cousin. Well, it would if that duck wasn't Gladstone. The scene between Gladstone and the Rajah of Rubadub was great. "Turkey? No! No! I'm from Rubadub!" Daisy's grace at the end was one of the more interesting ones I've heard, but it does suit Duckberg. All in all another fun issue.

—Penny Kenny
via email

Wow, I usually don't expect the "and Friends" titles to be this great, but issue #321 has to be the best *DD&F* issue you've published so far! I loved seeing the early three-tier "Snow Fun." These early Barks stories have a certain charm to me, and I hope to see more of the stories from this era reprinted soon.

I thought the conclusion of the Mickey story was pretty anti-climactic… Wouldn't it have been a scream if Nooney and Goofy really did turn into werewolves, rather than temporary monsters because of a formula?

I loved Lars Jensen's "Had a Gobbler," it had a wonderful "Barksy" feel to it. I'm hoping to see Lars' stories published more often. Thanks for putting out such a fantastic issue.

—Thad Komorowski
via email

Hoo-hah! Now this is what I'm talking about! It thrills me to see that you're reprinting classic stories in the 32-page titles now. This is exactly what I think we need to draw younger readers into the fold. After all, when you bring out the best of the best material, how can they turn it down? "Snow Fun" in *DD&F* 321 is a perfect example of the early Barks and it's hard to imagine someone not loving it. For some reason, I've missed reading this one before, so I was especially excited about it appearing now. I wasn't disappointed. Barks really showed his animation background in those days, and that makes the early stories so much fun to read.

Naturally the new stories (and I'm glad that they're still part of the mix) aren't to be outdone. As they grow to know the stories and themes, young readers will note that this issue's Vicar story (" Had a Gobbler," with a great script by David Gerstein) builds on a theme that Barks not only visited frequently, but introduced into the Duck canon. They'll also no doubt recognize that Vicar's art looks extremely close to Barks art itself. You can tell he loves what he's doing.

—Rodney Bowcock Jr.
Cincinnati, OH

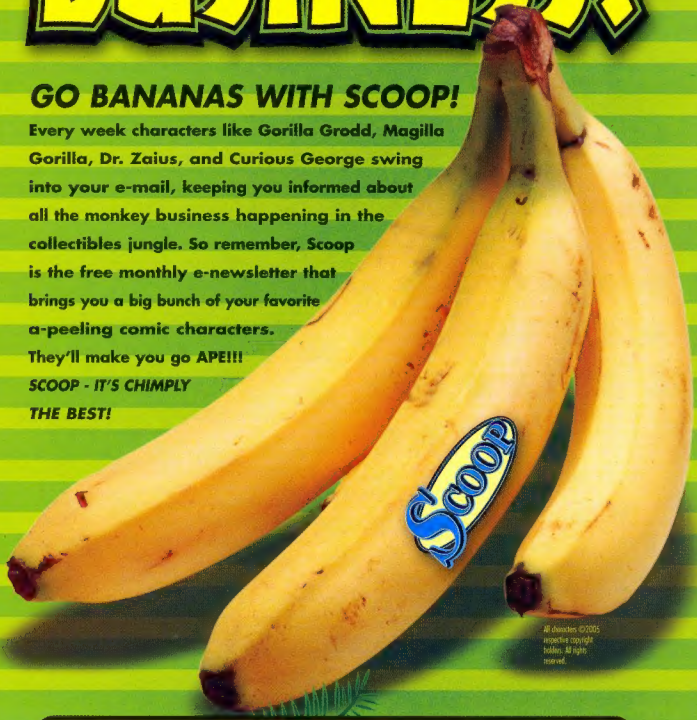
Letters selected for publication may be edited for length and/or content.
We regret we cannot respond to individual letters; however questions of general interest will be answered in our letters column.
QUESTIONS ABOUT SUBSCRIPTIONS OR BACK ISSUES? Contact Angie Meyer at mangie@diamondcomics.com
Please do not send subscription, back issue or submission queries to the letters column address. Thank you!

MONKEY BUSINESS!

GO BANANAS WITH SCOOP!

Every week characters like Gorilla Grodd, Magilla Gorilla, Dr. Zaius, and Curious George swing into your e-mail, keeping you informed about all the monkey business happening in the collectibles jungle. So remember, Scoop is the free monthly e-newsletter that brings you a big bunch of your favorite a-peeling comic characters. They'll make you go APE!!!

SCOOP - IT'S CHIMPLY THE BEST!



All characters ©2005 respective copyright holders. All rights reserved.

http://scoop.diamondgalleries.com